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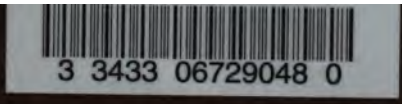
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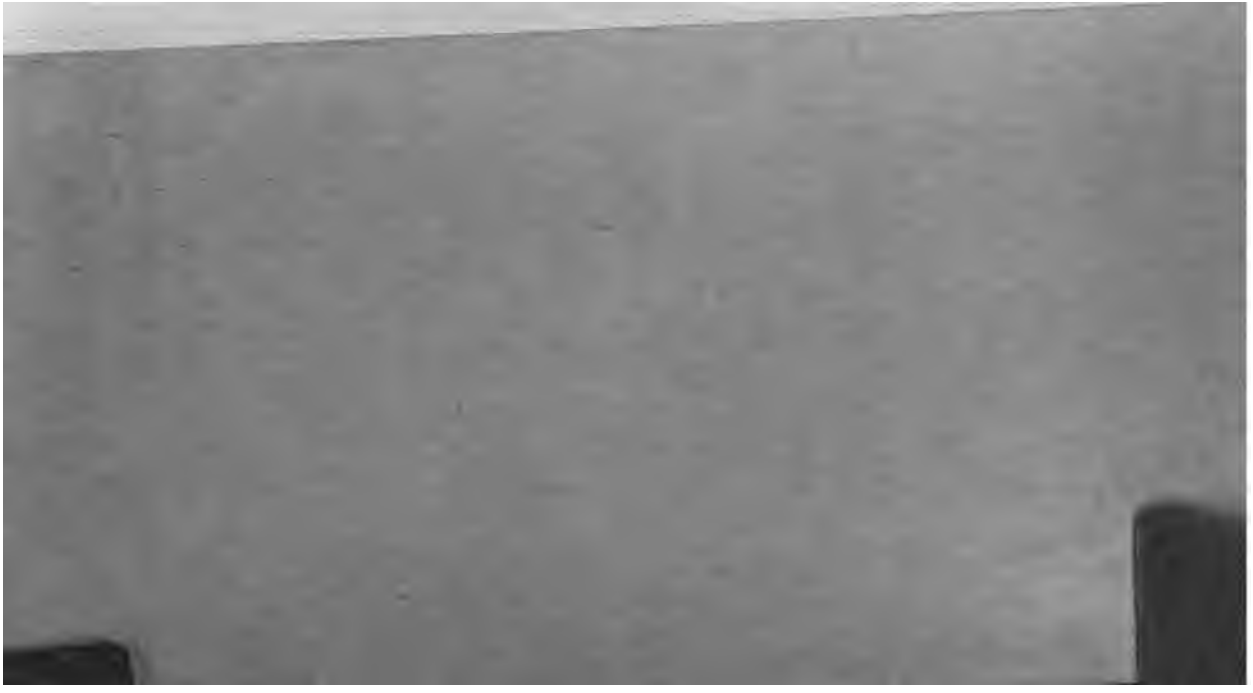

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE.

IN TEN VOLUMES COMPLETE.

CONTAINING,

I. THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

II. A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

III. SERMONS. —— IV. LETTERS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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MDCCLXXX.

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THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

Dixero ſi quid fortè jocoſius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.——— HOR.

—Si quis calumnietur levius eſſe quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Chriſtianum—non Ego, ſed Democritus dixit.—
ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, riſum moventia, ſciebat, anathema eſto.
Second Council of CARTHAGE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN,

LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER.

MY LORD,

I HUMBLY beg leave to offer you theſe two Volumes*; they are the beſt my talents, with ſuch bad health as I have, could produce:—had Providence granted me a larger ſtock of either, they had been a much more proper preſent to your Lordſhip.

I beg your Lordſhip will forgive me, if, at the ſame time I dedi-

* Volumes V and VI in the firſt Edition.

cate this work to you, I join Lady SPENCER, in the liberty I take of inſcribing the ſtory of *Le Fever* to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the ſtory is a humane one.

I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted

and moſt humble Servant,

LAUR. STERNE.

THE

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

IF it had not been for thoſe two mettleſome tits, and that madcap of a poſtilion who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning——there was a ſlope of three miles and a half——we ſcarce touched the ground ——the motion was moſt rapid——moſt impetuous ———'twas communicated to my brain—my heart partook of it—— "By the great God of day," ſaid I, looking towards the ſun, and thruſting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaiſe, as I made my vow, "I will lock up my ſtudy-door the moment I get

home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the ſurface of the earth, into the draw-well at the back of my houſe."

The London waggon confirmed me in my reſolution; it hung tottering upon the hill, ſcarce progreſſive, drag'd—drag'd up by eight *heavy beaſts*—" by main ſtrength!——quoth I, nodding——but your betters draw the ſame way——and ſomething of every body's!——O rare!"

Tell me, ye learned, ſhall we for ever be adding ſo much to the *bulk*—ſo little to the *ſtock?*

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one veſſel into another?

Are we for ever to be twiſting, and untwiſting the ſame rope? for ever in the ſame track—for ever at the ſame pace?

Shall we be deſtined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be ſhewing the *relicks of learning*, as monks do the relicks of their ſaints—without working one—one ſingle miracle with them?

Who made Man, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that moſt excellent, and moſt noble creature of the world—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaſter in his book περὶ φύσεως called him—the SHEKINAH of the divine preſence, as Chryſoſtom——the *image* of God, as Moſes——the *ray* of divinity, as Plato—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Ariſtotle—to go ſneaking on at this pitiful—pimping——pettifogging rate?

I ſcorn to be as abuſive as Horace upon the occaſion———but if there is no catachreſis in the wiſh, and no ſin in it, I wiſh from my ſoul, that every imitator in *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a good farcical houſe, large enough to hold—aye—and ſublimate them, *ſhag rag and bob-tail*, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *Whiſkers*——but, by what chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in *mort-main* to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the moſt of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I'm ſorry I made it——'twas as inconſiderate a promiſe as ever entered a man's head——A chapter upon whiſkers! alas! the world will not bear it—'tis a delicate world——but I knew not of what mettle it was made—nor had I ever ſeen the under-written fragment; otherwiſe, as ſurely as noſes are noſes, and whiſkers are whiſkers ſtill (let the world ſay what it will to the contrary); ſo ſurely would I have ſteered clear of this dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

———You are half aſleep, my good lady, ſaid the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle ſqueeze, as he pronounced the word *Whiſkers*——ſhall we change the ſubject? By no means, replied the old lady—I like your account of thoſe mat-

ters: ſo throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as ſhe reclined herſelf——I deſire, continued ſhe, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows: ——Whiſkers! cried the queen of *Navarre*, dropping her knotting ball, as *La Foſſeuſe* uttered the word——Whiſkers, madam, ſaid *La Foſſeuſe*, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courteſy as ſhe repeated it.

La Foſſeuſe's voice was naturally ſoft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice: and every letter of the word *Whiſkers* fell diſtinctly upon the queen of *Navarre*'s ear —Whiſkers! cried the queen, laying a greater ſtreſs upon the word, and as if ſhe had ſtill diſtruſted her ears——Whiſkers! replied *La Foſſeuſe*, repeating the word a third time——There is not a cavalier, madam, of his age in *Navarre*, continued the maid of honour, preſſing the page's intereſt upon the queen, that has ſo gallant a pair—— Of what? cried *Margaret*,

ſmiling—Of whiſkers, ſaid *La Foſſeuſe*, with infinite modeſty.

The word *Whiſkers* ſtill ſtood its ground, and continued to be made uſe of in moſt of the beſt companies throughout the little kingdom of *Navarre*, notwithſtanding the indiſcreet uſe which *La Foſſeuſe* had made of it: the truth was, *La Foſſeuſe* had pronounced the word, not only before the queen, but upon ſundry other occaſions at court, with an accent which always implied ſomething of a myſtery—And as the court of *Margaret*, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion——and whiſkers being as applicable to the one, as the other, the word naturally ſtood its ground ——it gain'd full as much as it loſt; that is, the clergy were for it——the laity were againſt it——and for the women, ——*they* were divided.

The excellency of the figure and mien of the young Sieur *de Croix*, was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace gate, where the guard

was mounted. The lady *De Bauſſiere* fell deeply in love with him,——*La Battarelle* did the ſame—it was the fineſt weather for it, that ever was remembered in *Navarre*——*La Guyol*, *La Maronette*, *La Sabatiere*, fell in love with the Sieur *De Croix* alſo——*La Rebours* and *La Foſſeuſe* knew better——*De Croix* had failed in an attempt to recommend himſelf to *La Rebours*; and *La Rebours* and *La Foſſeuſe* were inſeparable.

The queen of *Navarre* was ſitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the ſecond court, as *De Croix* paſſed through it—He is handſome, ſaid the lady *Bauſſiere*.——He has a good mien, ſaid *La Battarelle*——He is finely ſhaped, ſaid *La Guyol*—I never ſaw an officer of the horſe-guards in my life, ſaid *La Maronette*, with two ſuch legs——Or who ſtood ſo well upon them, ſaid *La Sabatiere*——But he has no whiſkers, cried *La Foſſeuſe*——Not a pile, ſaid *La Rebours*.

The queen went directly to her oratory, muſing all the way, as ſhe walked

through the gallery, upon the ſubject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy—*Ave Maria!*——what can *La Foſſeuſe* mean? ſaid ſhe, kneeling down upon the cuſhion.

La Guyol, *La Battarelle*, *La Maronette*, *La Sabatiere*, retired inſtantly to their chambers——Whiſkers! ſaid all four of them to themſelves, as they bolted their doors on the inſide.

The Lady *Carnavallette* was counting her beads with both hands, unſuſpected, under her farthingal——from St. *Antony* down to St. *Urſula* incluſive, not a ſaint paſſed through her fingers without whiſkers; St. *Francis*, St. *Dominick*, St. *Bennet*, St. *Baſil*, St. *Bridget*, had all whiſkers.

The Lady *Bauſſiere* had got into a wilderneſs of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon *La Foſſeuſe*'s text——She mounted her palfrey, her page followed her——the hoſt paſſed by—the Lady *Bauſſiere* rode on.

One denier, cried the order of mercy—one ſingle denier, in behalf of a thou-

ſand patient captives, whoſe eyes look towards heaven and you for their redemption.

——The Lady *Bauffiere* rode on.

Pity the unhappy, ſaid a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his withered hands——I beg for the unfortunate—good my Lady, 'tis for a priſon—for an hoſpital—'tis for an old man—a poor man undone by ſhipwreck, by ſuretyſhip, by fire——I call God and all his angels to witneſs——'tis to clothe the naked——to feed the hungry——'tis to comfort the ſick and the broken-hearted.

The Lady *Bauffiere* rode on.

A decayed kinſman bowed himſelf to the ground.

——The Lady *Bauffiere* rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one ſide of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendſhip, alliance, conſanguinity, *&c.*——Couſin, aunt, ſiſter, mother,——for virtue's ſake, for your own, for mine, for Chriſt's ſake, remember me——pity me.

——The Lady *Bauſſiere* rode on.

Take hold of my whiſkers, ſaid the Lady *Bauſſiere*——The page took hold of her palfrey. She diſmounted at the end of the terrace.

There are ſome trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themſelves about our eyes and eye-brows; and there is a conſciouſneſs of it, ſomewhere about the heart, which ſerves but to make theſe etchings the ſtronger—we ſee, ſpell, and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha! he, hee! cried *La Guyol* and *La Sabatiere*, looking cloſe at each other's prints——Ho, ho! cried *La Battarelle* and *Maronette*, doing the ſame:—Whiſt! cried one—ſt, ſt,—ſaid a ſecond,—huſh, quoth a third—poo, poo, replied a fourth—gramercy! cried the Lady *Carnavallette*;——'twas ſhe who bewhiſker'd St. *Bridget*.

La Foſſeuſe drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a ſmall whiſker, with the blunt end of it, upon one ſide of her upper

lip, put it into *La Rebours'* hand—*La Rebours* ſhook her head.

The Lady *Bauſſiere* cough'd thrice into the inſide of her muff—*La Guyol* ſmiled —Fy, ſaid the Lady *Bauſſiere.* The queen of *Navarre* touched her eye with the tip of her fore-finger—as much as to ſay, I underſtand you all.

'Twas plain to the whole court the word was ruined: *La Foſſeuſe* had given it a wound, and it was not the better for paſſing through all theſe defiles——It made a faint ſtand, however, for a few months, by the expiration of which, the Sieur *de Croix,* finding it high time to leave *Navarre* for want of whiſkers—— the word in courſe became indecent, and (after a few efforts) abſolutely unfit for uſe.

The beſt word, in the beſt language of the beſt world, muſt have ſuffered under ſuch combinations.———The curate of *d'Eſtella* wrote a book againſt them, ſetting forth the dangers of acceſſory ideas, and warning the *Navarois* againſt them.

Does not all the world know, ſaid the curate *d'Eſtella* at the concluſion of his work, that Noſes ran the ſame fate ſome centuries ago in moſt parts of *Europe*, which Whiſkers have now done in the kingdom of *Navarre?*—The evil indeed ſpread no farther then—but have not beds and bolſters, and night-caps and chamber-pots ſtood upon the brink of deſtruction ever ſince? Are not trouſe, and placket-holes, and pump-handles—and ſpigots and faucets, in danger ſtill, from the ſame aſſociation?——Chaſtity, by nature, the gentleſt of all affections—give it but its head——'tis like a ramping and a roaring lion.

The drift of the curate *d'Eſtella*'s argument was not underſtood.—They ran the ſcent the wrong way.—The world bridled his aſs at the tail.—And when the *extremes* of DELICACY, and the *beginnings* of CONCUPISCENCE, hold their next provincial chapter together, they may decree that bawdy alſo.

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother *Toby*'s death, he was buſy calculating the expence of his riding poſt from *Calais* to *Paris*, and ſo on to *Lyons*.

'Twas a moſt inauſpicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afreſh, when he had almoſt got to the end of it, by *Obadiah*'s opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeaſt—and to aſk whether he might not take the great coach-horſe early in the morning and ride in ſearch of ſome.—With all my heart, *Obadiah*, ſaid my father (purſuing his journey)—take the coach-horſe, and welcome.——But he wants a ſhoe, poor creature! ſaid *Obadiah*.——Poor creature! ſaid my uncle *Toby*, vibrating the note back again, like a ſtring in uniſon. Then ride the *Scotch*

horſe, quoth my father haſtily. He cannot bear a ſaddle upon his back, quoth *Obadiah*, for the whole world.——The devil's in that horſe; then take PATRIOT, cried my father; and ſhut the door.——PATRIOT is ſold, ſaid *Obadiah*. Here's for you! cried my father, making a pauſe, and looking in my uncle *Toby*'s face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.—Your worſhip ordered me to ſell him laſt *April*, ſaid *Obadiah*.—Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father.——I had much rather walk than ride, ſaid *Obadiah*, ſhutting the door.

What plagues! cried my father, going on with his calculation.——But the waters are out, ſaid *Obadiah*,—opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of *Sanſon*'s, and a book of the poſt-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compaſſes, with one foot of them fixed upon *Nevers*, the laſt ſtage he had paid for—purpoſing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as ſoon as *Obadiah* quitted

the room: but this ſecond attack of *Obadiah*'s, in opening the door and laying the whole country under water, was too much.——He let go his compaſſes—or rather with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to *Calais* (like many others) as wiſe as he had ſet out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a ſtride of the compaſſes of the very ſame ſtage of *Nevers*.——By your leave, Monſ. *Sanſon*, cried my father, ſtriking the point of his compaſſes through *Nevers* into the table—and nodding to my uncle *Toby*, to ſee what was in the letter—twice of one night is too much for an *Engliſh* gentleman and his ſon, Monſ. *Sanſon*, to be turned back from ſo louſy a town as *Nevers*—What think'ſt thou, *Toby?* added my father in a ſprightly tone.——Unleſs it be a garriſon town, ſaid my uncle *Toby*

——for then——I ſhall be a fool, ſaid my father, ſmiling to himſelf, as long as I live.—So giving a ſecond nod—and keeping his compaſſes ſtill upon *Nevers* with one hand, and holding his book of the poſt-roads in the other—half calculating and half liſtening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle *Toby* hummed over the letter.

—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— —— —— ——
—— —— —— —— ——
—— —— —— —— —he's gone! ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——Where——Who? cried my father.——My nephew, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——What—without leave——without money—without governor? cried my father in amazement. No:——he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—Without being ill? cried my father again.—I dare ſay not, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, in a low voice, and fetching a deep ſigh from the bottom of his heart, he has been ill enough, poor lad! I'll anſwer for him——for he is dead.

When *Agrippina* was told of her ſon's death; *Tacitus* informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence of her paſſions, ſhe abruptly broke off her work.—My father ſtuck his compaſſes into *Nevers*, but ſo much the faſter.—What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation!—*Agrippina*'s muſt have been quite a different affair; who elſe could pretend to reaſon from hiſtory?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deſerves a chapter to itſelf.—

CHAP. III.

—— —— And a chapter it ſhall have, and a devil of a one too—ſo look to yourſelves.

'Tis either *Plato*, or *Plutarch*, or *Seneca*, or *Xenophon*, or *Epictetus*, or *Theophraſtus*, or *Lucian*—or ſome one perhaps of later date—either *Cardan*, or *Budæus*, or *Petrarch*, or *Stella*—or poſſibly it may be ſome divine or father of the church, St. *Auſtin*, or St. *Cyprian*,

or *Barnard*, who affirms that it is an irreſiſtible and natural paſſion to weep for the loſs of our friends or children—and *Seneca* (I'm poſitive) tells us ſomewhere, that ſuch griefs evacuate themſelves beſt by that particular channel—And accordingly we find, that *David* wept for his ſon *Abſalom*—*Adrian* for his *Antinous*—*Niobe* for her children, and that *Apollodorus* and *Crito* both ſhed tears for *Socrates* before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwiſe; and indeed differently from moſt men either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the *Hebrews* and the *Romans*—or ſlept it off, as the *Laplanders*—or hanged it, as the *Engliſh*, or drowned it, as the *Germans*—nor did he curſe it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it.——

——He got rid of it, however.

Will your worſhips give me leave to ſqueeze in a ſtory between theſe two pages?

When *Tully* was bereft of his dear daughter *Tullia*, at firſt he laid it to his

heart,—he liſtened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—O my *Tullia!* my daughter! my child!—ſtill, ſtill, ſtill,—'twas O my *Tullia!*—my *Tullia!* Methinks I ſee my *Tullia*, I hear my *Tullia*, I talk with my *Tullia*.—But as ſoon as he began to look into the ſtores of philoſophy, and conſider how many excellent things might be ſaid upon the occaſion—no body upon earth can conceive, ſays the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at preſent, with as much reaſon: it was indeed his ſtrength—and his weakneſs too.——His ſtrength—for he was by nature eloquent, and his weakneſs—for he was hourly a dupe to it: and, provided an occaſion in life would but permit him to ſhew his talents, or ſay either a wiſe thing, a witty, or a ſhrewd one—(bating the caſe of a ſyſtematic misfortune)—he had all he wanted.—A bleſ-

ſing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which ſet it looſe with a good grace, were pretty equal: ſometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two; for inſtance, where the pleaſure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the pain of the misfortune but as *five*—my father gained half in half, and conſequently was as well again off, as if it never had befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwiſe would ſeem very inconſiſtent in my father's domeſtic character; and it is this, that, in the provocations ariſing from the neglects and blunders of ſervants, or other miſhaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had conſigned over to a moſt beautiful Arabian horſe, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was ſanguine in all his projects; ſo talked about his pad every day with as abſolute a ſecurity, as if it had been reared, broke,—and bridled and ſaddled at

his door ready for mounting. By ſome neglect or other in *Obadiah*, it ſo fell out, that my father's expectations were anſwered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beaſt of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle *Toby* expected my father would be the death of *Obadiah*—and that there never would be an end of the diſaſter.——See here! you raſcal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done!——It was not me, ſaid *Obadiah*.——How do I know that? replied my father.

Triumph ſwam in my father's eyes, at the repartee—the *Attic* ſalt brought water into them—and ſo *Obadiah* heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philoſophy has a fine ſaying for every thing.—For *Death* it has an entire ſet; the miſery was, they all at once ruſhed into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to ſtring them together, ſo as to make

any thing of a conſiſtent ſhow out of them.—He took them as they came.

"'Tis an inevitable chance—the "firſt ſtatute in *Magna Charta*—it is an "everlaſting act of parliament, my dear "brother,—*All muſt die.*

"If my ſon could not have died, it "had been matter of wonder,—not "that he is dead.

"Monarchs and princes dance in the "ſame ring with us.

"—*To die*, is the great debt and tri-"bute due unto nature: tombs and "monuments, which ſhould perpetuate "our memories, pay it themſelves; and "the proudeſt pyramid of them all, "which wealth and ſcience have erect-"ed, has loſt its apex, and ſtands ob-"truncated in the traveller's horizon." (My father found he got great eaſe, and went on)—"Kingdoms and provinces, "and towns and cities, have they not "their periods? and when thoſe prin-"ciples and powers, which at firſt ce-"mented and put them together, have

" performed their ſeveral evolutions, " they fall back."—Brother *Shandy*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions*—Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father,—by heaven! I meant revolutions, brother *Toby*—evolutions is nonſenſe.——'Tis not nonſenſe—ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——But is it not nonſenſe to break the thread of ſuch a diſcourſe, upon ſuch an occaſion? cried my father—do not—dear *Toby*, continued he, taking him by the hand, do not—do not, I beſeech thee, interrupt me at this criſis.——My uncle *Toby* put his pipe into his mouth.

" Where is *Troy*, and *Mycenæ*, and " *Thebes* and *Delos*, and *Perſepolis* and " *Agrigentum?*"—continued my father, taking up his book of poſt-roads, which he had laid down.—" What is become, " brother *Toby*, of *Nineveh* and *Babylon*, " of *Cizicum* and *Mitylenæ?* The fair- " eſt towns that ever the ſun roſe upon, " are now no more; the names only are " left, and thoſe (for many of them are " wrong ſpelt) are falling themſelves by

" piece-meals to decay, and in length " of time will be forgotten, and in- " volved with every thing in a perpetual " night: the world itſelf, brother *Toby*, " muſt—muſt come to an end.

" Returning out of *Aſia*, when I ſail- " ed from *Ægina* towards *Megara*," (*when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby*) " I began to view the country " round about. *Ægina* was behind me, " *Megara* was before, *Pyræus* on the " right hand, *Corinth* on the left.— " What flouriſhing towns now proſtrate " upon the earth! Alas! alas! ſaid I " to myſelf, that man ſhould diſturb his " ſoul for the loſs of a child, when ſo " much as this lies awfully buried in his " preſence——Remember, ſaid I to my- " ſelf again—remember thou art a " man."—

Now my uncle *Toby* knew not that this laſt paragraph was an extract of *Servius Sulpicius*'s conſolatory letter to Tully.— He had as little ſkill, honeſt man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity.—And as my father, whilſt

he was concerned in the *Turkey* trade, had been three or four different times in the *Levant*, in one of which he had ſtaid a whole year and a half at *Zant*, my uncle *Toby* naturally concluded, that, in ſome one of theſe periods, he had taken a trip acroſs the *Archipelago* into *Aſia*; and that all this ſailing affair with *Ægina* behind, and *Megara* before, and *Pyræus* on the right hand, *&c. &c.* was nothing more than the true courſe of my father's voyage and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his *manner*, and many an undertaking critic would have built two ſtories higher upon worſe foundations.—And pray, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption—but waiting till he finiſhed the account—what year of our Lord was this?—'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.—That's impoſſible, cried my uncle *Toby*.—Simpleton! ſaid my father,—'twas forty years before Chriſt was born.

My uncle *Toby* had but two things for it; either to ſuppoſe his brother to be the wandering *Jew*, or that his miſfortunes had diſordered his brain.—"May the Lord God of heaven and "earth protect him and reſtore him," ſaid my uncle *Toby*, praying ſilently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

—My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great ſpirit.

"There is not ſuch great odds, bro-"ther *Toby*, betwixt good and evil, as "the world imagines"——(this way of ſetting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle *Toby*'s ſuſpicions.)—— "Labour, ſorrow, grief, ſickneſs, want, "and woe, are the ſauces of life."—Much good may do them—ſaid my uncle *Toby* to himſelf.———

"My ſon is dead!—ſo much the bet-"ter;—'tis a ſhame in ſuch a tempeſt to "have but one anchor."

"But he is gone for ever from us! "—be it ſo. He is got from under

"the hands of his barber before he was "bald—he is but riſen from a feaſt be- "fore he was ſurfeited—from a ban- "quet before he had got drunken."

"The *Thracians* wept when a child "was born"—(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle *Toby*)—"and feaſt- "ed and made merry when a man "went out of the world; and with rea- "ſon.—Death opens the gate of fame, "and ſhuts the gate of envy after it,— "it unlooſes the chain of the captive, "and puts the bondſman's taſk into ano- "ther man's hands."

"Shew me the man, who knows "what life is, who dreads it, and I'll "ſhew thee a priſoner who dreads his "liberty."

Is it not better, my dear brother *Toby* (for mark—our appetites are but diſeaſes)—is it not better not to hun- ger at all, than to eat?—not to thirſt, than to take phyſic to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, from love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life,

For this reaſon, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration, in great men, the approaches of death have made.—*Veſpaſian* died in a jeſt upon his cloſe-ſtool—*Galba* with a ſentence—*Septimus Severus* in a diſpatch—*Tiberius* in diſſimulation, and *Cæſar Auguſtus* in a compliment.—I hope 'twas a ſincere one—quoth my uncle *Toby*.

—'Twas to his wife,—ſaid my father.

CHAP. IV.

——And laſtly—for all the choice anecdotes which hiſtory can produce of this matter, continued my father,—this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabric—crowns all.—

'Tis of *Cornelius Gallus*, the prætor —which, I dare ſay, brother *Toby*, you have read.—I dare ſay I have not, replied my uncle.——He died, ſaid my father, as * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * —And if it was with his wife,

ſaid my uncle *Toby*—there could be no hurt in it.—That's more than I know —replied my father.

CHAP. V.

My mother was going very gingerly in the dark along the paſſage which led to the parlour, as my uncle *Toby* pronounced the word *wife*.—'Tis a ſhrill, penetrating ſound of itſelf, and *Obadiah* had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, ſo that my mother heard enough of it, to imagine herſelf the ſubject of the converſation; ſo laying the edge of her finger acroſs her two lips—holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twiſt of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—ſhe liſtened with all her powers:——the liſtening ſlave, with the Goddeſs of Silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her ſtand for five minutes: till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as *Rapin* does thoſe of the church) to the ſame period.

CHAP. VI.

THOUGH in one ſenſe, our family was certainly a ſimple machine, as it conſiſted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be ſaid for it, that theſe wheels were ſet in motion by ſo many different ſprings, and acted one upon the other from ſuch a variety of ſtrange principles and impulſes——that though it was a ſimple machine, it had all the honour and advantages of a complex one, ——and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were beheld in the inſide of a *Dutch* ſilk-mill.

Amongſt theſe there was one, I am going to ſpeak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether ſo ſingular, as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue,

project, or diſſertation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another at the ſame time, and upon the ſame ſubject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary meſſage, or letter, was delivered in the parlour,—or a diſcourſe ſuſpended till a ſervant went out—or the lines of diſcontent were obſerved to hang upon the brows of my father or mother—or, in ſhort, when any thing was ſuppoſed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or liſtening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not abſolutely ſhut, but ſomewhat a-jar—as it ſtands juſt now,—which, under covert of the bad hinge (and that poſſibly might be one of the many reaſons why it was never mended), it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all theſe caſes, a paſſage was generally left, not indeed as wide as the *Dardanells*, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was ſufficient to ſave my father the trouble of governing his

houſe;—my mother at this moment ſtands profiting by it.—*Obadiah* did the ſame thing, as ſoon as he had left the letter upon the table which brought the news of my brother's death; ſo that before my father had well got over his ſurpriſe, and entered upon his harangue,—had *Trim* got upon his legs, to ſpeak his ſentiments upon the ſubject.

A curious obſerver of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all *Job*'s ſtock—though, by the bye, *your curious obſervers are ſeldom worth a groat*—would have given the half of it, to have heard Corporal *Trim* and my father, two orators ſo contraſted by nature and education, haranguing over the ſame bier.

My father a man of deep reading—prompt memory—with *Cato*, and *Seneca*, and *Epictetus*, at his fingers ends.—

The corporal—with nothing—to remember—of no deeper reading than his muſter-roll—or greater names at his fingers end, than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and alluſion, and ſtriking the fancy as he went along (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleaſantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antitheſis, or point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one ſide, and the pictures on the other, going ſtraight forwards as nature could lead him, to the heart. O *Trim!* would to heaven thou had'ſt a better hiſtorian!—would!—thy hiſtorian had a better pair of breeches! ——O ye critics! will nothing melt you?

CHAP. VII.

———My young maſter in *London* is dead! ſaid *Obadiah*.—

———A green ſattin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice ſcoured, was the firſt idea which *Obadiah*'s exclamation brought into *Suſannah*'s head.—

Well might *Locke* write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.—Then, quoth *Suſannah*, we muſt all go into mourning.—But note a ſecond time: the word *mourning*, notwithſtanding *Suſannah* made uſe of it herſelf—failed alſo of doing its office; it excited not one ſingle idea, tinged either with grey or black,—all was green.——The green ſattin night-gown hung there ſtill.

—O! 'twill be the death of my poor miſtreſs, cried *Suſannah*.—My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a proceſſion! her red damaſk,—her orange-tawny,—her white and yellow luteſtrings,—her brown taffata,—her bone-laced caps, her bedgowns, and comfortable under-petticoats.—Not a rag was left behind.—"*No,—ſhe will never look up again*," ſaid *Suſannah*.

We had a fat, fooliſh ſcullion—my father, I think, kept her for her ſimplicity;—ſhe had been all autumn ſtruggling with a dropſy.—He is dead, ſaid *Obadiah*,—he is certainly dead!

—So am not I, ſaid the fooliſh ſcu lion.

——Here is ſad news, *Trim*, cried *S ſannah*, wiping her eyes as *Trim* ſtepp into the kitchen,—maſter *Bobby* is de and *buried*—the funeral was an interp lation of *Suſannah*'s—we ſhall have to go into mourning, ſaid *Suſannah*.

I hope not, ſaid *Trim*.—You ho not! cried *Suſannah* earneſtly.—T mourning ran not in *Trim*'s head, wha ever it did in *Suſannah*'s.—I hope—ſa *Trim*, explaining himſelf, I hope in G the news is not true. I heard the lett read with my own ears, anſwered *Ob diah*; and we ſhall have a terrible pie of work of it in ſtubbing the ox-moo —Oh! he's dead, ſaid *Suſannah*.—*I* ſure, ſaid the ſcullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart a my ſoul, ſaid *Trim*, fetching a ſigh.- Poor creature!—poor boy! poor gentl man!

—He was alive laſt *Whitſontide*, ſa the coachman.—*Whitſontide!* alas! cri *Trim*, extending his right arm, and fal

ing inſtantly into the ſame attitude in which he read the ſermon,—what is *Whitſontide*, *Jonathan* (for that was the coachman's name), or *Shrovetide*, or any tide or time paſt, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal (ſtriking the end of his ſtick perpendicularly upon the floor, ſo as to give an idea of health and ſtability)—and are we not —(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—'Twas infinitely ſtriking! *Suſannah* burſt into a flood of tears.—We are not ſtocks and ſtones. —*Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, the cook-maid, all melted.—The fooliſh fat ſcullion herſelf, who was ſcouring a fiſh-kettle upon her knees, was rous'd with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

Now as I perceive plainly, that the preſervation of our conſtitution in church and ſtate,—and poſſibly the preſervation of the whole world—or what is the ſame thing, the diſtribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right

underſtanding of this ſtroke of the corporal's eloquence—I do demand your attention—your worſhips and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, ſhall ſleep for it at your eaſe.

I ſaid, "we were not ſtocks and ſtones"—'tis very well. I ſhould have added, nor are we angels, I wiſh we were,—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations;—and what a junketing piece of work of it there is, betwixt theſe and our ſeven ſenſes, eſpecially ſome of them, for my own part, I own it, I am aſhamed to confeſs. Let it ſuffice to affirm, that of all the ſenſes, the eye (for I abſolutely deny the touch, though moſt of your *Barbati*, I know, are for it) has the quickeſt commerce with the ſoul,—gives a ſmarter ſtroke, and leaves ſomething more inexpreſſible upon the fancy, than words can either convey—or ſometimes get rid of.

—I've gone a little about—no matter, 'tis for health—let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of *Trim*'s hat.—" Are we not here now,—" and gone in a moment?"—There was nothing in the ſentence—'twas one of your ſelf-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if *Trim* had not truſted more to his hat than his head—he had made nothing at all of it.

———" Are we not here now;" —continued the corporal, " and are " we not"—(dropping his hat plumb upon the ground—and pauſing, before he pronounced the word)—gone! in a moment?" The deſcent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.——Nothing could have expreſſed the ſentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and fore-runner, like it,—his hand ſeemed to vaniſh from under it,—it fell dead,—the corporal's eye fix'd upon it, as upon a corpſe,—and *Suſannah* burſt into a flood of tears.

Now—Ten thouſand, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect.——Had he flung it, or thrown it, or caſt it, or ſkimmed it, or ſquirted, or let it ſlip or fall in any poſſible direction under heaven,—or in the beſt direction that could be given to it,—had he dropped it like a gooſe—like a puppy—like an aſs—or in doing it, or even after he had done, had he looked like a fool—like a ninny—like a nincompoop—it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been loſt.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the *engines* of eloquence,—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,—— and then harden it again to *your purpoſe*——

Ye who wind and turn the paſſions with this great windlaſs, and, having done it, lead the owners of them, whither ye think meet—

Ye, laſtly, who drive——and why not, Ye alſo who are driven, like turkeys to market with a ſtick and a red clout—meditate—meditate, I beſeech you, upon *Trim*'s hat.

CHAP. VIII.

STAY——I have a ſmall account to ſettle with the reader before *Trim* can go on with his harangue.—It ſhall be done in two minutes.

Amongſt many other book-debts, all of which I ſhall diſcharge in due time,—I own myſelf a debtor to the world for two items,—a chapter upon *chamber-maids and button-holes*, which, in the former part of my work, I promiſed and fully intended to pay off this year: but ſome of your worſhips and reverences telling me, that the two ſubjects, eſpecially ſo connected together, might endanger the morals of the world,—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me,—and that they will accept of the laſt

chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't pleaſe your reverences, but a chapter of *chamber-maids, green gowns, and old hats.*

Trim took his off the ground,—put it upon his head,—and then went on with his oration upon death, in manner and form following.

CHAP. IX.

——To us, *Jonathan*, who know not what want or care is—who live here in the ſervice of two of the beſt of maſters—(bating in my own caſe his majeſty King *William* the Third, whom I had the honour to ſerve both in *Ireland* and *Flanders*)—I own it, that from *Whitſontide* to within three weeks of *Chriſtmas*,—'tis not long—'tis like nothing;—but to thoſe, *Jonathan*, who know what death is, and what havock and deſtruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about—'tis like a whole age.—O *Jonathan!* 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to conſider, continued

the corporal (ſtanding perpendicularly), how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid ſince that time!—And truſt me, *Suſy*, added the corporal, turning to *Suſannah*, whoſe eyes were ſwimming in water,—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.—*Suſannah* placed it to the right ſide of the page—ſhe wept—but ſhe court'ſied too.—Are we not, continued *Trim*, looking ſtill at *Suſannah*—are we not like a flower of the field—a tear of pride ſtole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—elſe no tongue could have deſcribed *Suſannah*'s affliction—is not all fleſh graſs?—'Tis clay,—'tis dirt.—They all looked directly at the ſcullion,—the ſcullion had juſt been ſcouring a fiſh-kettle.—It was not fair.——

—What is the fineſt face that ever man looked at!—I could hear *Trim* talk ſo for ever, cried *Suſannah*,—what is it! (*Suſannah* laid her hand upon *Trim*'s ſhoulder)—but corruption?——*Suſannah* took it off.

Now I love you for this—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it———all I can ſay of the matter is—That he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart,—and whenever he is diſſected 'twill be found ſo.

CHAP. X.

WHETHER *Suſannah*, by taking her hand too ſuddenly from off the corporal's ſhoulder (by the whiſking about of her paſſions)——broke a little the chain of his reflexions——

Or whether the corporal began to be ſuſpicious, he had got into the doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the chaplain than himſelf———

Or whether - - - - - - -

Or whether——for in all ſuch caſes a man of invention and parts may with pleaſure fill a couple of pages with ſuppoſitions——which of all theſe was the cauſe, let the curious phyſiologiſt, or

the curious any body determine——'tis certain, at leaſt, the corporal went on thus with his harangue.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:—not this . . added the corporal, ſnapping his fingers,—but with an air which no one but the corporal could have given to the ſentiment.—In battle, I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor *Joe Gibbins*, in ſcouring his gun.—What is he? A pull of a trigger—a puſh of a bayonet an inch this way or that—makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right—ſee! *Jack*'s down! well,—'tis worth a regiment of horſe to him.—No—'tis *Dick*. Then *Jack*'s no worſe.—Never mind which,—we paſs on,—in hot purſuit the wound itſelf which brings him is not felt,—the beſt way is to ſtand up to him,—the man who flies, is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've look'd him, added the corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.—He's no-

thing, *Obadiah*, at all in the field.—But he's very frightful in a houſe, quoth *Obadiah*.——I never mind it myſelf, ſaid *Jonathan*, upon a coach-box.—It muſt, in my opinion, be moſt natural in bed, replied *Suſannah*.—And could I eſcape him by creeping into the worſt calf's ſkin that ever was made into a knapſack, I would do it there—ſaid *Trim*—but that is nature.

——Nature is nature, ſaid *Jonathan*.—And that is the reaſon, cried *Suſannah*, I ſo much pity my miſtreſs.—She will never get the better of it.—Now I pity the captain the moſt of any one in the family, anſwered *Trim*.——Madam will get eaſe of heart in weeping,—and the Squire in talking about it,—but my poor maſter will keep it all in ſilence to himſelf.—I ſhall hear him ſigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for lieutenant *Le Fever*. An' pleaſe your honour, do not ſigh ſo piteouſly, I would ſay to him as I laid beſides him. I cannot help it, *Trim*, my maſter would ſay,——'tis ſo melancholy an accident—I cannot get

it off my heart.—Your honour fears not death yourſelf.—I hope, *Trim*, I fear nothing, he would ſay, but the doing a wrong thing.——Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of *Le Fever*'s boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall aſleep.

I like to hear *Trim*'s ſtories about the captain, ſaid *Suſannah*.—He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, ſaid *Obadiah*, as ever lived.—Aye,—and as brave a one too, ſaid the corporal, as ever ſtept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the king's army,—or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he ſaw the lighted match at the very touch-hole, —and yet, for all that, he has a heart as ſoft as a child for other people.——He would not hurt a chicken.——I would ſooner, quoth *Jonathan*, drive ſuch a gentleman for ſeven pounds a year—than ſome for eight.—Thank thee, *Jonathan!* for thy twenty ſhillings,—as much, *Jonathan*, ſaid the corporal, ſhaking him by

the hand, as if thou hadſt put the money into my own pocket.——I would ſerve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me,—and could I be ſure my poor brother *Tom* was dead,—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was I worth ten thouſand pounds, I would leave every ſhilling of it to the captain.——*Trim* could not refrain from tears at this teſtamentary proof he gave of his affection to his maſter.——The whole kitchen was affected.——Do tell us this ſtory of the poor lieutenant, ſaid *Suſannah*.——With all my heart, anſwered the corporal.

Suſannah, the cook, *Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, and corporal *Trim*, formed a circle about the fire; and as ſoon as the ſcullion had ſhut the kitchen door,—the corporal begun.

CHAP. XI.

I AM a *Turk* if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plaiſtered me up, and ſet me down naked upon the banks of the river *Nile*, without one.——Your moſt obedient ſervant, Madam—I've coſt you a great deal of trouble,—I wiſh it may anſwer;—but you have left a crack in my back,—and here's a great piece fallen off here before,—and what muſt I do with this foot?——I ſhall never reach *England* with it.

For my own part, I never wonder at any thing;—and ſo often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always ſuſpect it, right or wrong,—at leaſt I am ſeldom hot upon cold ſubjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has ſlipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and ſearch for it, as for a thing we have both loſt, and can neither of us do well without,—I'll

go to the world's end with him:——But I hate diſputes,—and therefore (bating religious points, or ſuch as touch ſociety) I would almoſt ſubſcribe to any thing which does not choak me in the firſt paſſage, rather than be drawn into one ——But I cannot bear ſuffocation,—— and bad ſmells worſt of all.——For which reaſons, I reſolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented,—or a new one raiſed,—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

CHAP. XII.

——BUT to return to my mother.

My uncle *Toby*'s opinion, Madam, "that there could be no harm in *Corne-* "*lius Gallus*, the *Roman* prætor's lying "with his wife;"——or rather the laſt word of that opinion,—(for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole ſex:——You ſhall not miſtake me,—I mean

her curioſity,—ſhe inſtantly concluded herſelf the ſubject of the converſation, and with that prepoſſeſſion upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father ſaid, was accommodated either to herſelf, or her family concerns.

——Pray, Madam, in what ſtreet does the lady live, who would not have done the ſame?

From the ſtrange mode of *Cornelius*'s death, my father had made a tranſition to that of *Socrates*, and was giving my uncle *Toby* an abſtract of his pleading before his judges;——'twas irreſiſtible:——not the oration of *Socrates*,—but my father's temptation to it.——He had wrote the * Life of *Socrates* himſelf the year before he left off trade, which, I fear, was the means of haſtening him out of it;——ſo that no one was able

* This book my father would never conſent to publiſh; 'tis in manuſcript, with ſome other tracts of his, in the family, all, or moſt of which will be printed in due time.

to ſet out with ſo full a ſail, and in ſo ſwelling a tide of heroic loftineſs upon the occaſion, as my father was. Not a period in *Socrates*'s oration, which cloſed with a ſhorter word than *tranſmigration*, or *annihilation*,—or a worſe thought in the middle of it than *to be—or not to be*, —the entering upon a new and untried ſtate of things,—or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful ſleep, without dreams, without diſturbance;——*That we and our children were born to die,—but neither of us born to be ſlaves.*——No—there I miſtake; that was part of *Eleazer*'s oration, as recorded by *Joſephus (de Bell. Judaic.)*——*Eleazer* owns he had it from the philoſophers of *India*; in all likelihood *Alexander* the Great, in his irruption into *India*, after he had over-run *Perſia*, amongſt the many things he ſtole,—ſtole that ſentiment alſo; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himſelf (for we all know he died at *Babylon*), at leaſt by ſome of his maroders, into *Greece*,—from *Greece* it got to *Rome*,—from *Rome* to *France*,—

and from *France* to *England:*——So things come round.——

By land carriage, I can conceive no other way.——

By water the ſentiment might eaſily have come down the *Ganges* into the *Sinus Gangeticus*, or *Bay of Bengal*, and ſo into the *Indian Sea*; and following the courſe of trade (the way from *India* by the *Cape of Good Hope* being then unknown), might be carried with other drugs and ſpices up the *Red Sea* to *Joddah*, the port of *Mekka*, or elſe to *Tor* or *Sues*, towns at the bottom of the gulf; and from thence by karrawans to *Coptos*, but three days journey diſtant, ſo down the *Nile* directly to *Alexandria*, where the SENTIMENT would be landed at the very foot of the great ſtair-caſe of the *Alexandrian* library,——and from that ſtore-houſe it would be fetched.——Bleſs me! what a trade was driven by the learned in thoſe days!

CHAP. XIII.

——Now my father had a way, a little like that of *Job*'s (in caſe there ever was ſuch a man——if not, there's an end of the matter.——

Though, by the bye, becauſe your learned men find ſome difficulty in fixing the preciſe æra in which ſo great a man lived;—whether, for inſtance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.——to vote, therefore, that he never lived *at all*, is a little cruel,—'tis not doing as they would be done by—happen that as it may)——My father, I ſay, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, eſpecially upon the firſt ſally of his impatience,—of wondering why he was begot,—wiſhing himſelf dead;—ſometimes worſe:——And when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers,—Sir, you ſcarce could have diſtinguiſhed him from *Socrates* himſelf.——Every word would breathe the ſentiments of a ſoul diſdaining life, and

careleſs about all its iſſues; for which reaſon, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abſtract of *Socrates*'s oration, which my father was giving my uncle *Toby*, was not altogether new to her.—She liſtened to it with compoſed intelligence, and would have done ſo to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occaſion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philoſopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a ſecurity to be ſo won by working upon the paſſions of his judges.—"I have friends—"I have relations,—I have three deſo-"late children,"—ſays *Socrates*.—

——Then, cried my mother, opening the door,——you have one more, Mr. *Shandy*, than I know of.

By heaven! I have one leſs,—ſaid my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

CHAP. XIV.

——They are *Socrates*'s children, ſaid my uncle *Toby*. He has been dead a hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle *Toby* was no chronologer—ſo not caring to advance a ſtep but upon ſafe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and riſing up, and taking my mother moſt kindly by the hand, without ſaying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finiſh the ecclairciſſement himſelf.

CHAP. XV.

HAD this volume been a farce, which, unleſs every one's life and opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I ſee no reaſon to ſuppoſe—the laſt chapter, Sir, had finiſhed the firſt act of it, and then this chapter muſt have ſet off thus.

Ptr..r..r..ing—twing—twang—prut—trut——'tis a curſed bad fiddle.—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?—trut..prut..—They ſhould be *fifths*.——'Tis wickedly ſtrung—tr... a.e.i.o.u.-twang.—The bridge is a mile too high, and the ſound-poſt abſolutely down,—elſe—trut . . prut—hark! 'tis not ſo bad a tone.—Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle, dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges,—but there's a man there—no—not him with the bundle under his arm—the grave man in black.—S'death! not the gentleman with the ſword on.—Sir, I had rather play a *Caprichio* to *Calliope* herſelf, than draw my bow acroſs my fiddle before that very man; and yet, I'll ſtake my *Cremona* to a *Jew*'s trump, which is the greateſt muſical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment ſtop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without puniſhing one ſingle nerve that belongs to him.—Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle,—twiddle diddle,——twoddle diddle,—

twuddle diddle,——prut trut—kriſh—kraſh—kruſh.—I've undone you, Sir,—but you ſee he's no worſe,—and was *Apollo* to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle—hum—dum—drum.

—Your worſhips and your reverences love muſic—and God has made you all with good ears—and ſome of you play delightfully yourſelves——trut-prut,—prut-trut.

O! there is—whom I could ſit and hear whole days,—whoſe talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt,—who inſpires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the moſt hidden ſprings of my heart into motion.——If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir,—which is generally ten guineas more than I have to ſpare—or you, Meſſrs. Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying,—that's your time.

CHAP. XVI.

THE firſt thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little ſettled in the family, and *Suſannah* had got poſſeſſion of my mother's green ſattin night-gown,—was to ſit down coolly, after the example of *Xenophon*, and write a TRISTRA-*pædia*, or ſyſtem of education for me; collecting firſt for that purpoſe his own ſcattered thoughts, counſels, and notions; and binding them together, ſo as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adoleſcence. I was my father's laſt ſtake—he had loſt my brother *Bobby* entirely,—he had loſt, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three firſt great caſts for me—my geniture, noſe, and name,—there was but this one left; and accordingly my father gave himſelf up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle *Toby* had done to his doctrine of projectils.—The difference between them

was, that my uncle *Toby* drew his whole knowledge of projectils from *Nicholas Tartaglia*—My father ſpun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain,—or reeled and croſs-twiſted what all other ſpinners and ſpinſters had ſpun before him, that 'twas pretty near the ſame torture to him.

In about three years, or ſomething more, my father had got advanced almoſt into the middle of his work.—Like all other writers, he met with diſappointments.—He imagined he ſhould be able to bring whatever he had to ſay, into ſo ſmall a compaſs, that when it was finiſhed and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's huſſive.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man ſay,—" Come—I'll write a duodecimo."

My father gave himſelf up to it, however, with the moſt painful diligence, proceeding ſtep by ſtep in every line, with the ſame kind of caution and circumſpection (though I cannot ſay upon quite ſo religious a principle) as was uſed by *John de la Caſſe*, the lord archbiſhop

of *Benevento*, in compaſſing his *Galatea*; in which his Grace of *Benevento* ſpent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the ſize or the thickneſs of a *Rider's* Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unleſs he ſpent the greateſt part of his time in combing his whiſkers, or playing at *primero* with his chaplain,—would poſe any mortal not let into the true ſecret;—and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of thoſe few in it, who write not ſo much to be fed—as to be famous.

I own had *John de la Caſſe*, the archbiſhop of *Benevento*, for whoſe memory (notwithſtanding his *Galatea)* I retain the higheſt veneration,—had he been, Sir, a ſlender clerk—of dull wit—ſlow parts—coſtive head, and ſo forth,—he and his *Galatea* might have jogged on together to the age of *Methuſelah* for me,—the phænomenon had not been worth a parentheſis.—

But the reverſe of this was the truth: *John de la Caſſe* was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet with all theſe great advantages of nature, which ſhould have pricked him forwards with his *Galatea*, he lay under an impuiſſance at the ſame time of advancing above a line and an half in the compaſs of a whole ſummer's day: this diſability in his Grace aroſe from an opinion he was afflicted with,—which opinion was this,—*viz.* that whenever a Chriſtian was writing a book (not for his private amuſement, but) where his intent and purpoſe was, *bonâ fide*, to print and publiſh it to the world, his firſt thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.—This was the ſtate of ordinary writers: but when a perſonage of venerable character and high ſtation, either in church or ſtate, once turned author,—he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand—all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.—'Twas Term-time with them,—every thought,

firſt and laſt, was captious;—how ſpecious and good ſoever,—'twas all one;—in whatever form or colour it preſented itſelf to the imagination,—'twas ſtill a ſtroke of one or other of 'em levelled at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not ſo much a ſtate of *compoſition*, as a ſtate of *warfare*; and his probation in it, preciſely that of any other man militant upon earth,—both depending alike, not half ſo much upon the degrees of his WIT—as his RESISTANCE.

My father was hugely pleaſed with this theory of *John de la Caſſe*, archbiſhop of *Benevento*; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the beſt acres in the *Shandy* eſtate, to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be ſeen, when I come to ſpeak of my father's religious notions, in the progreſs of this work: 'tis enough to ſay here, as he could not have the honour of it,

in the literal ſenſe of the doctrine—he took up with the allegory of it;—and would often ſay, eſpecially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of *John de la Caſſe's* parabolical repreſentation,—as was to be found in any one poetic fiction, or myſtic record of antiquity.—Prejudice of education, he would ſay, *is the devil*,—and the multitudes of them which we ſuck in with our mother's milk—*are the devil and all.*——We are haunted with them, brother *Toby*, in all our lucubrations and reſearches; and was a man fool enough to ſubmit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,—what would his book be? Nothing,—he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance,—nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurſes, and of the nonſenſe of the old women (of both ſexes) throughout the kingdom.

This is the beſt account I am determined to give of the ſlow progreſs my father made in his *Triſtra-pædia*; at which

(as I ſaid) he was three years and ſomething more, indefatigably at work, and, at laſt, had ſcarce completed, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother; and what was almoſt as bad, by the very delay, the firſt part of the work, upon which my father had ſpent the moſt of his pains, was rendered entirely uſeleſs,——every day a page or two became of no conſequence.——

——Certainly it was ordained as a ſcourge upon the pride of human wiſdom, That the wiſeſt of us all ſhould thus outwit ourſelves, and eternally forego our purpoſes in the intemperate act of purſuing them.

In ſhort, my father was ſo long in all his acts of reſiſtance,—or in other words,—he advanced ſo very ſlow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at ſuch a rate, that if an event had not happened,——which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency,

ſhall not be concealed a moment from the reader——I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a ſun-dial, for no better purpoſe than to be buried under ground.

CHAP. XVII.

——'TWAS nothing,—I did not loſe two drops of blood by it ——'twas not worth calling in a ſurgeon, had he lived next door to us——thouſands ſuffer by choice, what I did by accident.——Doctor *Slop* made ten times more of it, than there was occaſion:——ſome men riſe, by the art of hanging great weights upon ſmall wires,—and I am this day (*Auguſt* the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.——O 'twould provoke a ſtone, to ſee how things are carried on in this world!——The chambermaid had left no ******* *** under the bed:——Cannot you contrive, maſter, quoth *Suſannah*, lifting up the ſaſh with one hand, as ſhe ſpoke, and help-

ing me up into the window-ſeat with the other,—cannot you manage, my dear, for a ſingle time to **** *** ** *** ******* ?

I was five years old.——*Suſannah* did not conſider that nothing was well hung in our family,——ſo ſlap came the ſaſh down like lightning upon us;—Nothing is left,—cried *Suſannah*,—nothing is left —for me, but to run my country.——

My uncle *Toby*'s houſe was a much kinder ſanctuary; and ſo *Suſannah* fled to it.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHEN *Suſannah* told the corporal the miſadventure of the ſaſh, with all the circumſtances which attended the *murder* of me,—(as ſhe called it) —the blood forſook his cheeks;—all acceſſaries in murder being principals,—*Trim*'s conſcience told him he was as much to blame as *Suſannah*,—and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle *Toby*

had as much of the bloodſhed to anſwer for to heaven, as either of 'em;—ſo that neither reaſon or inſtinct, ſeparate or together, could poſſibly have guided *Suſannah*'s ſteps to ſo proper an aſylum. It is in vain to leave this to the Reader's imagination:——to form any kind of hypotheſis that will render theſe propoſitions feaſible, he muſt cudgel his brains ſore,—and to do it without,—he muſt have ſuch brains as no reader ever had before him.——Why ſhould I put them either to trial or to torture? 'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XIX.

'TIS a pity, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, reſting with his hand upon the corporal's ſhoulder, as they both ſtood ſurveying their works,—that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt;——'twould ſecure the lines all along there,

and make the attack on that ſide quite complete:——get me a couple caſt, *Trim.*

Your honour ſhall have them, replied *Trim*, before to-morrow morning.

It was the joy of *Trim*'s heart,—nor was his fertile head ever at a loſs for expedients in doing it, to ſupply my uncle *Toby* in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his laſt crown, he would have ſate down and hammered it into a paderero, to have prevented a ſingle wiſh in his Maſter. The corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle *Toby*'s ſpouts—hacking and chiſeling up the ſides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter ſhaving-baſon,—and going at laſt, like *Lewis* the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church, for ſpare ends, &c.——he had that very campaign brought no leſs than eight new battering cannons, beſides three demi-culverins into the field; my uncle *Toby*'s demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had ſet the corporal at work

again; and no better reſource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nurſery window: and as the ſaſh pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of uſe, he had taken them away alſo, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had diſmantled every ſaſh window in my uncle *Toby*'s houſe long before, in the very ſame way,—though not always in the ſame order; for ſometimes the pullies had been wanted, and not the lead,—ſo then he began with the pullies, —and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became uſeleſs,—and ſo the lead went to pot too.

——A great MORAL might be picked handſomely out of this, but I have not time—'tis enough to ſay, wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the ſaſh window.

CHAP. XX.

THE corporal had not taken his meaſures ſo badly in this ſtroke of artilleryſhip, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himſelf, and left *Suſannah* to have ſuſtained the whole weight of the attack, as ſhe could;—true courage is not content with coming off ſo.——The corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train,—'twas no matter,——had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened,—*at leaſt in* Suſannah's *hands*;——How would your honours have behaved?——He determined at once, not to take ſhelter behind *Suſannah*,—but to give it; and with this reſolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole *manœuvre* before my uncle *Toby*.

My uncle *Toby* had juſt then been giving *Yorick* an account of the Battle of *Steenkirk*, and of the ſtrange conduct of count *Solmes* in ordering the foot to halt,

and the horſe to march where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's commands, and proved the loſs of the day.

There are incidents in ſome families ſo pat to the purpoſe of what is going to follow,—they are ſcarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatic writer;—I mean of ancient days.———

Trim, by the help of his fore-finger, laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand ſtriking a-croſs it at right angles, made a ſhift to tell his ſtory ſo, that prieſts and virgins might have liſtened to it;—and the ſtory being told, —the dialogue went on as follows.

CHAP. XXI.

——I would be picquetted to death, cried the corporal, as he concluded *Suſannah*'s ſtory, before I would ſuffer the woman to come to any harm,—'twas my fault, an' pleaſe your honour,—not hers.

Corporal *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*, putting on his hat which lay upon the

table,——if any thing can be ſaid to be a fault, when the ſervice abſolutely requires it ſhould be done,—'tis I certainly who deſerve the blame,——you obeyed your orders.

Had count *Solmes*, *Trim*, done the ſame at the battle of *Steenkirk*, ſaid *Yorick*, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat,——he had ſaved thee;——Saved! cried *Trim*, interrupting *Yorick*, and finiſhing the ſentence for him after his own faſhion,——he had ſaved five battalions, an' pleaſe your reverence, every ſoul of them:——there was *Cutt*'s——continued the corporal, clapping the forefinger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,——there was *Cutt*'s,——*Mackay*'s,——*Angus*'s,——*Graham*'s——and *Leven*'s, all cut to pieces;——and ſo had the *Engliſh* life-guards too, had it not been for ſome regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own

platoons diſcharged a muſket,——they'll go to heaven for it,—added *Trim*.—*Trim* is right, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, nodding to *Yorick*,——he's perfectly right. What ſignified his marching the horſe, continued the corporal, where the ground was ſo ſtrait, and the *French* had ſuch a nation of hedges, and copſes, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and that to cover them; (as they always have.)——Count *Solmes* ſhould have ſent us,——we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives.——There was nothing to be done for the horſe:——he had his foot ſhot off however for his pains, continued the corporal, the very next campaign at *Landen*.—Poor *Trim* got his wound there, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——'Twas owing, an' pleaſe your honour, entirely to count *Solmes*,——had he drub'd them ſoundly at *Steenkirk*, they would not have fought us at *Landen*.——Poſſibly not,——*Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*;——though if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench them-

ſelves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you.——There is no way but to march coolly up to them, ——receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell——Ding dong, added *Trim*.——Horſe and foot, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——Helter ſkelter, ſaid *Trim*.——Right and left, cried my uncle *Toby*.——Blood an' ounds, ſhouted the corporal; ——the battle raged,——*Yorick* drew his chair a little to one ſide for ſafety, and after a moment's pauſe, my uncle *Toby* ſinking his voice a note,—reſumed the diſcourſe as follows.

CHAP. XXII.

KING *William*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, addreſſing himſelf to *Yorick*, was ſo terribly provoked at count *Solmes* for diſobeying his orders, that he would not ſuffer him to come into his preſence for many months after.——I fear, anſwered *Yorick*, the ſquire will be as much provoked at the corporal, as the

King at the count.——But 'twould be ſingularly hard in this caſe, continued he, if corporal *Trim*, who has behaved ſo diametrically oppoſite to count *Solmes*, ſhould have the fate to be rewarded with the ſame diſgrace;——too oft in this world, do things take that train.——I would ſpring a mine, cried my uncle *Toby*, riſing up,——and blow up my fortifications, and my houſe with them, and we would periſh under their ruins, ere I would ſtand by and ſee it.——*Trim* directed a ſlight,——but a grateful bow towards his maſter,——and ſo the chapter ends.

CHAP. XXIII.

——Then, *Yorick*, replied my uncle *Toby*, you and I will lead the way abreaſt,——and do you, corporal, follow a few paces behind us.——And *Suſannah*, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid *Trim*, ſhall be put in the rear.——'Twas an excellent diſpoſition,—and in this order, without

either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched ſlowly from my uncle *Toby*'s houſe to *Shandy-hall*.

——I wiſh, ſaid *Trim*, as they entered the door,—inſtead of the ſaſh weights, I had cut off the church-ſpout, as I once thought to have done.—You have cut off ſpouts enow, replied *Yorick*.——

CHAP. XXIV.

As many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him ſoever in different airs and attitudes,—not one, or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, ſpeak, or act, upon any untried occaſion or occurrence of life. —There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations.——The truth was, his road lay ſo very far on one ſide, from that wherein moſt men travelled,—that every object before him preſented a face and ſection of itſelf to

his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it ſeen by the reſt of mankind.—In other words, 'twas a different object,—and in courſe was differently conſidered:

This is the true reaſon, that my dear *Jenny* and I, as well as all the world beſides us, have ſuch eternal ſquabbles about nothing.—She looks at her outſide,—I, at her in—. How is it poſſible we ſhould agree about her value?

CHAP. XXV.

'TIS a point ſettled,—and I mention it for the comfort of * *Confucius*, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain ſtory—that provided he keeps along the line of his ſtory,—he may go backwards and forwards as he will,—'tis ſtill held to be no digreſſion.

This being premiſed, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards* myſelf.

* Mr. *Shandy* is ſuppoſed to mean ***** *** ***, Eſq; member for ******,——— and not the *Chineſe* Legiſlator.

CHAP. XXVI.

FIFTY thouſand pannier loads of devils—(not of the Archbiſhop of *Benevento*'s,—I mean of *Rabelais*'s devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made ſo diabolical a ſcream of it, as I did—when the accident befel me: it ſummoned up my mother inſtantly into the nurſery,—ſo that *Suſannah* had but juſt time to make her eſcape down the back ſtairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the ſtory myſelf,—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity; yet *Suſannah*, in paſſing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in ſhort-hand with the cook—the cook had told it with a commentary to *Jonathan*, and *Jonathan* to *Obadiah*; ſo that by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times, to know what was the matter above,—was *Obadiah* enabled to give him a particular

account of it, juſt as it had happened.—I thought as much, ſaid my father, tucking up his night-gown;—and ſo walked up ſtairs.

One would imagine from this——(though for my own part I ſomewhat queſtion it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable chapter in the *Triſtra-pædia*, which to me is the moſt original and entertaining one in the whole book;—and that is the *chapter upon ſaſh-windows*, with a bitter *Philippick* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulneſs of chamber-maids.—I have but two reaſons for thinking otherwiſe.

Firſt, Had the matter been taken into conſideration, before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the ſaſh-window for good an' all;—which, conſidering with what difficulty he compoſed books,—he might have done with ten times leſs trouble, than he could have wrote the chapter: this argument I foreſee holds good againſt his writing the chapter, even after the event;

but 'tis obviated under the ſecond reaſon, which I have the honour to offer to the world in ſupport of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon ſaſh-windows and chamber-pots, at the time ſuppoſed,—and it is this.

——That, in order to render the *Triſtra-pædia* complete,—I wrote the chapter myſelf.

CHAP. XXVII.

My father put on his ſpectacles—looked,—took them off,—put them into the caſe—all in leſs than a ſtatutable minute; and without opening his lips, turned about and walked precipitately down ſtairs: my mother imagined he had ſtepped down for lint and baſilicon; but ſeeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and *Obadiah* following him with a large reading-deſk, ſhe took it for granted 'twas an herbal, and ſo drew him a chair to the bed-ſide, that he might conſult upon the caſe at his eaſe.

——If it be but right done,—ſaid my father, turning to the *Section—de ſede vel ſubjecto circumciſionis,*——for he had brought up *Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us altogether.—

——If it be but right done, quoth he—only tell us, cried my mother, interrupting him, what herbs.——For that replied my father, you muſt ſend for Dr. *Slop*.

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the ſection as follows.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * *——Very well,—ſaid my father
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * *—nay, if it has that convenience——and ſo without ſtopping a moment to ſettle it firſt in his mind, whether the *Jews* had it from the *Egyptians*, or the *Egyptians* from the *Jews*,—he roſe up, and rubbing his forehead two or three

times acroſs with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footſteps of care, when evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded,—he ſhut the book, and walked down ſtairs.—Nay, ſaid he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every ſtep as he ſet his foot upon it—if the EGYPTIANS,—the SYRIANS,—the PHOENICIANS,—the ARABIANS,—the CAPADOCIANS,——if the COLCHI, and TROGLODYTES did it——if SOLON and PYTHAGORAS ſubmitted,—what is TRISTRAM?——Who am I, that I ſhould fret or fume one moment about the matter?

CHAP. XXVIII.

DEAR *Yorick*, ſaid my father ſmiling (for *Yorick* had broke his rank with my uncle *Toby* in coming through the narrow entry, and ſo had ſtept firſt into the parlour)—this *Triſtram* of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites.—Never was the ſon of *Jew*, *Chriſtian*, *Turk*, or *Infidel* initiated into

them in ſo oblique and ſlovenly a manner.—But he is no worſe, I truſt, ſaid *Yorick*.—There has been certainly, continued my father, the duce and all to do in ſome part or other of the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed.—That, you are a better judge of than I, replied *Yorick*.—Aſtrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both:—the trine and ſextil aſpects have jumped awry,—or the oppoſite of their aſcendents have not hit it, as they ſhould,—or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at *bo-peep*,—or ſomething has been wrong above, or below with us.

'Tis poſſible, anſwered *Yorick*.—But is the child, cried my uncle *Toby*, the worſe?—The *Troglodytes* ſay not, replied my father.—And your theologiſts, *Yorick*, tell us—Theologically? ſaid *Yorick*,—or ſpeaking after the manner of * apo-

* Χαλεπῆς νόσου, καὶ δυσιάτου ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἣν ἄνθρακα καλοῦσιν. PHILO.

thecaries?—* ſtateſmen?—or † waſher-women?

——I'm not ſure, replied my father, —but they tell us, brother *Toby*, he's the better for it.——Provided, ſaid *Yorick*, you travel him into *Egypt*.——Of that, anſwered my father, he will have the advantage, when he ſees the *Pyramids*.——

Now every word of this, quoth my uncle *Toby*, is *Arabic* to me.——I wiſh, ſaid *Yorick*, 'twas ſo, to half the world.

—‡ Ilus, continued my father, circumciſed his whole army one morning. —Not without a court martial? cried my uncle *Toby*.——Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle *Toby*'s remark, but turning to *Yorick*,—are greatly divided ſtill who *Ilus* was;—ſome ſay *Saturn*;—ſome the ſu-

* Τὰ τιμώμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγονώτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα εἶναι.

† Καθαριότητος νίκην. BOCHART.

‡ Ὁ Ιλος, τὰ αἰδοῖα περιτέμνεται. ταυτὸ ποιῆσαι καὶ τοὺς ἅμ' αὐτῷ συμμάχους καταναγκάσας.

SANCHUNIATHO.

preme Being;—others, no more than a brigadier general under *Pharaoh-neco*. ——Let him be who he will, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I know not by what article of war he could juſtify it.

The controvertiſts, anſwered my father, aſſign two-and-twenty different reaſons for it:—others indeed, who have drawn their pens on the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion, have ſhewn the world the futility of the greateſt part of them.—But then again, our beſt polemic divines—I wiſh there was not a polemic divine, ſaid *Yorick*, in the kingdom;—one ounce of practical divinity—is worth a painted ſhip-load of all their reverences have imported theſe fifty years.—Pray, Mr. *Yorick*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—do tell me what a polemic divine is.——The beſt deſcription, captain *Shandy*, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied *Yorick*, in the account of the battle fought ſingle hands betwixt *Gymnaſt* and captain *Tripet*; which I have in my pocket.——I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle *Toby* earneſtly.—You

ſhall, ſaid *Yorick*.—And as the corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the deſcription of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his ſupper,—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.—With all my ſoul, ſaid my father.——*Trim* came in, erect and happy as an emperor; and having ſhut the door, *Yorick* took a book from his right-hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows.

CHAP. XXIX.

——"which words being heard by "all the ſoldiers which were there, di- "vers of them being inwardly terrified, "did ſhrink back and make room for "the aſſailant: all this did *Gymnaſt* very "well remark and conſider; and there- "fore, making as if he would have "alighted from off his horſe, as he was "poiſing himſelf on the mounting ſide, "he moſt nimbly (with his ſhort ſword "by his thigh) ſhifting his feet in the

" ſtirrup, and performing the ſtirrup-lea-
" ther feat, whereby, after the inclining
" of his body downwards, he forthwith
" launched himſelf aloft into the air, and
" placed both his feet together upon the
" ſaddle, ſtanding upright, with his
" back turned towards his horſe's head,
" —Now (ſaid he) my caſe goes forward.
" Then ſuddenly in the ſame poſture
" wherein he was, he fetched a gambol
" upon one foot, and turning to the left-
" hand, failed not to carry his body per-
" fectly round, juſt into his former po-
" ſition, without miſſing one jot.——
" Ha! ſaid *Tripet*, I will not do that
" at this time,—and not without cauſe.
" Well, ſaid *Gymnaſt*, I have failed,—
" I will undo this leap; then with a
" marvellous ſtrength and agility, turn-
" ing towards the right-hand, he fetched
" another friſking gambol as before;
" which done, he ſet his right-hand
" thumb upon the bow of the ſaddle,
" raiſed himſelf up, and ſprung into the
" air, poiſing and upholding his whole

" weight upon the muſcle and nerve of " the ſaid thumb, and ſo turned and " whirled himſelf about three times: at " the fourth, reverſing his body, and " overturning it upſide down, and fore- " ſide back, without *touching any thing*, " he brought himſelf betwixt the horſe's " two ears, and then giving himſelf a " jerking ſwing, he ſeated himſelf upon " the crupper——"

(This can't be fighting, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——The corporal ſhook his head at it.——Have patience, ſaid *Yorick*.)

" Then (*Tripet*) paſs'd his right leg " over his ſaddle, and placed himſelf *en* " *croup*.—But, ſaid he, 'twere better for " me to get into the ſaddle; then put- " ting the thumbs of both hands upon " the crupper before him, and thereup- " on leaning himſelf, as upon the only " ſupporters of his body, he incontinent- " ly turned heels over head in the air, " and ſtraight found himſelf betwixt the " bow of the ſaddle in a tolerable ſeat; " then ſpringing into the air with a ſum- " merſet, he turned him about like a

" wind-mill, and made above a hundred " friſks, turns, and demi-pommadas."—(Good God! cried *Trim*, loſing all patience,—one home thruſt of a bayonet is worth it all.——I think ſo too, replied *Yorick*.——

I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

CHAP. XXX.

——No,—I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making anſwer to a queſtion which *Yorick* had taken the liberty to put to him,—I have advanced nothing in the *Triſtra-pædia*, but what is as clear as any one propoſition in *Euclid*.—Reach me, *Trim*, that book from off the ſcrutoir:——it has oft-times been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over both to you, *Yorick*, and to my brother *Toby*, and I think it a little unfriendly in myſelf, in not having done it long ago:——ſhall we have a ſhort chapter or two now,—and a chapter or two hereafter, as occa-

ſions ſerve; and ſo on, till we get through the whole? My uncle *Toby* and *Yorick* made the obeiſance which was proper; and the corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breaſt, and made his bow at the ſame time.——The company ſmiled. *Trim*, quoth my father, has paid the full price for ſtaying out the *entertainment*.——He did not ſeem to reliſh the play, replied *Yorick*.——'Twas a Tom-fool-battle, an' pleaſe your reverence, of captain *Tripet*'s and that other officer, making ſo many ſummerſets, as they advanced;——the *French* come on capering now and then in that way,—but not quite ſo much.

My uncle *Toby* never felt the conſciouſneſs of his exiſtence with more complacency than what the corporal's, and his own reflections, made him do at that moment;——he lighted his pipe,——*Yorick* drew his chair cloſer to the table,—*Trim* ſnuff'd the candle,—my father ſtirr'd up the fire,—took up the book,—cough'd twice, and begun.

CHAP. XXXI.

THE firſt thirty pages, ſaid my father, turning over the leaves,—are a little dry; and as they are not cloſely connected with the ſubject,——for the preſent we'll paſs them by: 'tis a prefatory introduction, continued my father, or an introductory preface (for I am not determined which name to give it) upon political or civil government; the foundation of which being laid in the firſt conjunction betwixt male and female, for procreation of the ſpecies——I was inſenſibly led into it.——'Twas natural, ſaid *Yorick*.

The original of ſociety, continued my father, I'm ſatisfied is, what *Politian* tells us, *i. e.* merely conjugal; and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman;—to which, (according to *Heſiod*) the philoſopher adds a ſervant:——but ſuppoſing in the firſt beginning there were no men ſervants born——he lays the foundation of it,

in a man,—a woman—and a bull.——I believe 'tis an ox, quoth *Yorick*, quoting the paſſage (οἶκον μὲν πρώτιστα, γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν τ' ἀροτῆρα.)——A bull muſt have given more trouble than his head was worth.——But there is a better reaſon ſtill, ſaid my father (dipping his pen into his ink); for, the ox being the moſt patient of animals, and the moſt uſeful withal in tilling the ground for their nouriſhment,—was the propereſt inſtrument, and emblem too, for the new joined couple, that the creation could have aſſociated with them.—And there is a ſtronger reaſon, added my uncle *Toby*, than them all for the ox.—My father had not power to take his pen out of his inkhorn, till he had heard my uncle *Toby*'s reaſon.—For when the ground was tilled, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and made worth incloſing, then they began to ſecure it by walls and ditches, which was the origin of fortification.——True, true, dear *Toby*, cried my father, ſtriking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave *Trim* a nod, to ſnuff the candle, and reſumed his diſcourſe.

——I enter upon this ſpeculation, ſaid my father careleſsly, and half ſhutting the book, as he went on, merely to ſhew the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and juriſdiction over whom he acquires theſe ſeveral ways—

1ſt, by marriage.

2d, by adoption.

3d, by legitimation.

And 4th, by procreation; all which I conſider in their order.

I lay a ſlight ſtreſs upon one of them, replied *Yorick*——the act, eſpecially where it ends there, in my opinion lays as little obligation upon the child, as it conveys power to the father.—You are wrong,—ſaid my father argutely, and for this plain reaſon *.—I own, added my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not ſo under the

power and juriſdiction of the *mother*.—But the reaſon, replied *Yorick*, equally holds good for her.——She is under authority herſelf, ſaid my father:—and beſides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger upon the ſide of his noſe, as he aſſigned his reaſon,—*ſhe is not the principal agent*, Yorick.—In what, quoth my uncle *Toby*, ſtopping his pipe.—Though by all means, added my father (not attending to my uncle *Toby*) "*The ſon ought to pay* "*her reſpect*," as you may read, *Yorick*, at large in the firſt book of the Inſtitutes of *Juſtinian*, at the eleventh title and the tenth ſection.—I can read it as well, replied *Yorick*, in the Catechiſm.

CHAP. XXXII.

TRIM can repeat every word of it by heart, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—Pugh! ſaid my father, not caring to be interrupted with *Trim*'s ſaying his Catechiſm. He can, upon my honour, replied my

uncle *Toby*.—Aſk him, Mr. *Yorick*, any queſtion you pleaſe.——

—The fifth Commandment, *Trim*—ſaid *Yorick*, ſpeaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modeſt Catechumen. The corporal ſtood ſilent.—You don't aſk him right, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, raiſing his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command;——The fifth ————cried my uncle *Toby*.—I muſt begin with the firſt, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal.——

—*Yorick* could not forbear ſmiling. —Your reverence does not conſider, ſaid the corporal, ſhouldering his ſtick like a muſket, and marching into the middle of the room, to illuſtrate his poſition, —that 'tis exactly the ſame thing, as doing one's exerciſe in the field.—

" *Join your right hand to your firelock*," cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.—

" *Poiſe your firelock*," cried the corporal, doing the duty ſtill both of adjutant and private man.—

"*Reſt your firelock*;"—one motion, an' pleaſe your reverence, you ſee leads into another.—If his honour will begin but with the *firſt*—

THE FIRST—cried my uncle *Toby*, ſetting his hand upon his ſide—* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

THE SECOND—cried my uncle *Toby*, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his ſword at the head of a regiment.—The corporal went through his *manual* with exactneſs; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow, and fell back to the ſide of the room.

Every thing in this world, ſaid my father, is big with jeſt,—and has wit in it, and inſtruction too,—if we can but find it out.

—Here is the *ſcaffold work* of INSTRUCTION, its true point of folly, without the BUILDING behind it.—

—Here is the glaſs for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders, and bear-leaders to view themſelves in, in their true dimenſions.—

Oh! there is a huſk and ſhell, *Yorick*, which grows up with learning, which their unſkilfulneſs knows not how to fling away!

—SCIENCES MAY BE LEARNED BY ROTE, BUT WISDOM NOT.

Yorick thought my father inſpired.—I will enter into obligations this moment, ſaid my father, to lay out all my aunt *Dinah*'s legacy, in charitable uſes (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion), if the corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated.—Prythee, *Trim*, quoth my father, turning round to him, —What do'ſt thou mean, by "*honour-*" "*ing thy father and mother?*"

Allowing them, an' pleaſe your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grew old.—And didſt thou do that, *Trim?* ſaid *Yorick*.—He did indeed, replied my uncle *Toby*.—Then, *Trim*, ſaid *Yorick*, ſpringing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the beſt commentator upon that part of the *Deca-*

logue; and I honour thee more for it, corporal *Trim*, than if thou hadſt had a hand in the *Talmud* itſelf.

CHAP. XXXIII.

O BLESSED health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter,—thou art above all gold and treaſure; 'tis thou who enlargeſt the ſoul,—and openeſt all its powers to receive inſtruction and to reliſh virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wiſh for;—and he that is ſo wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

I have concentrated all that can be ſaid upon this important head, ſaid my father, into a very little room, therefore we'll read the chapter quite through.

My father read as follows:

"The whole ſecret of health depend-
"ing upon the due contention for maſ-
"tery betwixt the radical heat and the
"radical moiſture"—You have proved that matter of fact, I ſuppoſe, above,

ſaid *Yorick*. Sufficiently, replied my father.

In ſaying this, my father ſhut the book,—not as if he reſolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter:——nor pettiſhly,—for he ſhut the book ſlowly; his thumb reſting, when he had done it, upon the upper-ſide of the cover, as his three fingers ſupported the lower ſide of it, without the leaſt compreſſive violence.——

I have demonſtrated the truth of that point, quoth my father, nodding to *Yorick*, moſt ſufficiently in the preceding chapter.

Now could the man in the moon be told, that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter, ſufficiently demonſtrating, That the ſecret of all health depended upon the due contention for maſtery betwixt the *radical heat* and the *radical moiſture*,—and that he had managed the point ſo well, that there was not one ſingle word wet or dry upon radical heat or radical moiſture, throughout the whole chapter,—or a ſingle ſyllable in it, *pro* or

con, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt theſe two powers in any part of the animal œconomy——

"O thou eternal maker of all beings!" —he would cry, ſtriking his breaſt with his right hand (in caſe he had one)— "Thou whoſe power and goodneſs can "enlarge the faculties of thy creatures to "this infinite degree of excellence and "perfection,—What have we MOONITES done?"

CHAP. XXXIV.

WITH two ſtrokes, the one at *Hippocrates*, the other at Lord *Verulam*, did my father achieve it.

The ſtroke at the prince of phyſicians, with which he began, was no more than a ſhort inſult upon his ſorrowful complaint of the *Ars longa*,—and *Vita brevis*. ——Life ſhort, cried my father,—and the art of healing tedious! And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themſelves,—and the ſtage-loads of chymical

noſtrums, and peripatetic lumber, with which, in all ages, they have firſt flatter'd the world, and at laſt deceived it?

——O my lord *Verulam!* cried my father, turning from *Hippocrates*, and making his ſecond ſtroke at him, as the principal of noſtrum-mongers, and the fitteſt to be made an example of to the reſt,——What ſhall I ſay to thee, my great lord *Verulam?* What ſhall I ſay to thy internal ſpirit,—thy opium,—thy ſalt-petre,——thy greaſy unctions,—thy daily purges,—thy nightly clyſters, and ſuccedaneums?

——My father was never at a loſs what to ſay to any man, upon any ſubject; and had the leaſt occaſion for the exordium of any man breathing: how he dealt with his lordſhip's opinion,——you ſhall ſee;——but when—I know not:——we muſt firſt ſee what his lordſhip's opinion was.

CHAP. XXXV.

"THE two great cauſes, which con-
"ſpire with each other to ſhorten
"life, ſays lord *Verulam*, are firſt——
"The internal ſpirit, which, like a
"gentle flame, waſtes the body down
"to death:—And ſecondly, the exter-
"nal air, that parches the body up to
"aſhes:—which two enemies attacking
"us on both ſides of our bodies toge-
"ther, at length deſtroy our organs,
"and render them unfit to carry on the
"functions of life."

This being the ſtate of the caſe, the road to Longevity was plain; nothing more being required, ſays his lordſhip, but to repair the waſte committed by the internal ſpirit, by making the ſubſtance of it more thick and denſe, by a regular courſe of opiates on one ſide, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of ſalt-petre every morning before you got up.——

Still this frame of ours was left expoſed to the inimical aſſaults of the air without;—but this was fenced off again by a courſe of greaſy unctions, which ſo fully ſaturated the pores of the ſkin, that no ſpicula could enter;——nor could any one get out.——This put a ſtop to all perſpiration, ſenſible and inſenſible, which being the cauſe of ſo many ſcurvy diſtempers—a courſe of clyſters was requiſite to carry off redundant humours,—and render the ſyſtem complete.

What my father had to ſay to my lord of *Verulam*'s opiates, his ſalt-petre, and greaſy unctions and clyſters, you ſhall read,—but not to-day—or to-morrow: time preſſes upon me,—my reader is impatient—I muſt get forwards.——You ſhall read the chapter at your leiſure (if you chuſe it), as ſoon as ever the *Triſtra-pædia* is publiſhed.———

Sufficeth it at preſent, to ſay, my father levelled the hypotheſis with the ground, and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and eſtabliſhed his own.——

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE whole ſecret of health, ſaid my father, beginning the ſentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moiſture within us;—the leaſt imaginable ſkill had been ſufficient to have maintained it, had not the ſchoolmen confounded the taſk, merely (as *Van Helmont*, the famous chymiſt, has proved) by all along miſtaking the radical moiſture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moiſture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balſamous ſubſtance; for the fat and tallow, as alſo the phlegm or watery parts, are cold; whereas the oily and balſamous parts are of a lively heat and ſpirit, which accounts for the obſervation of *Ariſtotle*, "*Quod omne animal poſt coi-*"*tum eſt* triſte."

Now it is certain, that the radical heat lives in the radical moiſture, but whether

vice verſâ, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays alſo; and then is produced, either an unnatural heat, which cauſes an unnatural dryneſs——or an unnatural moiſture, which cauſes dropſies.——So that if a child, as he grows up, can but be taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of 'em threaten his deſtruction,——'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.——

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE deſcription of the ſiege *of Jericho* itſelf, could not have engaged the attention of my uncle *Toby* more powerfully than the laſt chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father, throughout it;—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moiſture, but my uncle *Toby* took his pipe out of his mouth, and ſhook his head; and as ſoon as the chapter was finiſhed, he beckoned to the corporal to come cloſe to his chair, to aſk him the following queſtion,

—*aſide.*——* *. It was at the ſiege of *Limerick*, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal, making a bow.

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addreſſing himſelf to my father, were ſcarce able to crawl out of our tents, at the time the ſiege of *Limerick* was raiſed, upon the very account you mention.——Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother *Toby?* cried my father, mentally.——By Heaven! continued he, communing ſtill with himſelf, it would puzzle an *Œdipus* to bring it in point.——

I believe, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth the corporal, that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we ſet fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plyed your honour off;—And the geneva, *Trim*, added my uncle *Toby*, which did us more good than all——I verily believe, continued the corporal, we had both, an' pleaſe

your honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.——The nobleſt grave, corporal! cried my uncle *Toby*, his eyes ſparkling as he ſpoke, that a ſoldier could wiſh to lie down in.——But a pitiful death for him! an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal.

All this was as much *Arabick* to my father, as the rites of the *Colchi* and *Troglodites* had been before to my uncle *Toby*; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or ſmile.——

My uncle *Toby*, turning to *Yorick*, reſumed the caſe at Limerick, more intelligibly than he had begun it,—and ſo ſettled the point for my father at once.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

IT was undoubtedly, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, a great happineſs for myſelf and the corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a moſt raging thirſt, during the whole five-and-twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwiſe what my brother calls

the radical moiſture, muſt, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.——My father drew in his lungs top-full of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as ſlowly as he poſſibly could.——

———It was heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle *Toby*, which put it into the corporal's head to maintain that due contention betwixt the radical heat and the radical moiſture, by reinforceing the fever, as he did all along, with hot wine and ſpices; whereby the corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing, ſo that the radical heat ſtood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moiſture, terrible as it was.——Upon my honour, added my uncle *Toby*, you might have heard the contention within our bodies, brother *Shandy*, twenty toiſes.—If there was no firing, ſaid *Yorick*.

Well—ſaid my father, with a full aſpiration, and pauſing a while after the word——Was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one

permitted it, I would condemn ſome of the worſt malefactors, provided they had had their clergy ——————————— ——*Yorick* foreſeeing the ſentence was likely to end with no ſort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breaſt, and begged he would reſpite it for a few minutes, till he aſked the corporal a queſtion.——Prithee, *Trim*, ſaid *Yorick*, without ſtaying for my father's leave,—tell us honeſtly—what is thy opinion concerning this ſelf-ſame radical heat and radical moiſture?

With humble ſubmiſſion to his honour's better judgment, quoth the corporal, making a bow to my uncle *Toby* —Speak thy opinion freely, corporal, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—The poor fellow is my ſervant,—not my ſlave,—added my uncle *Toby*, turning to my father.——

The corporal put his hat under his left arm, and with his ſtick hanging upon the wriſt of it, by a black thong ſplit into a taſſel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he

had performed his catechiſm; then touching his under-jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right hand before he opened his mouth,——he delivered his notion thus.

CHAP. XXXIX.

JUST as the corporal was humming, to begin—in waddled Dr. *Slop*.—'Tis not two-pence matter—the corporal ſhall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.——

Well, my good doctor, cried my father ſportively, for the tranſitions of his paſſions were unaccountably ſudden,—and what has this whelp of mine to ſay to the matter?——

Had my father been aſking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy-dog—he could not have done it in a more careleſs air: the ſyſtem which Dr. *Slop* had laid down, to treat the accident by, no way allowed of ſuch a mode of enquiry.—He ſat down.

Pray, Sir, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in a manner which could not go unanſwered, —in what condition is the boy?—'Twill end in a *phimoſis*, replied Dr. *Slop*.

I am no wiſer than I was, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—returning his pipe into his mouth.——Then let the corporal go on, ſaid my father, with his medical lecture. —The corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr. *Slop*, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat and radical moiſture, in the following words.

CHAP. XL.

THE city of *Limerick*, the ſiege of which was begun under his majeſty king *William* himſelf, the year after I went into the army—lies, an' pleaſe your honours, in the middle of a deviliſh wet, ſwampy country.—'Tis quite ſurrounded, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, with the *Shannon*, and is, by its ſituation, one of the ſtrongeſt fortified places in *Ireland*.——

I think this is a new faſhion, quoth Dr. *Slop*, of beginning a medical lecture. —'Tis all true, anſwered *Trim*.—Then I wiſh the faculty would follow the cut of it, ſaid *Yorick*.—'Tis all cut through, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid the corporal, with drains and bogs; and beſides, there was ſuch a quantity of rain fell during the ſiege, the whole country was like a puddle,—'twas that, and nothing elſe, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his honour and myſelf; now there was no ſuch thing, after the firſt ten days, continued the corporal, for a ſoldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water;—nor was that enough, for thoſe who could afford it, as his honour could, without ſetting fire every night to a pewter diſh full of brandy, which took off the damp of the air, and made the inſide of the tent as warm as a ſtove.———

And what concluſion doſt thou draw, Corporal *Trim*, cried my father, from all theſe premiſes?

I infer, an' pleaſe your worſhip, replied *Trim*, that the radical moiſture is nothing in the world but ditch-water—and that the radical heat, of thoſe who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy—the radical heat and moiſture of a private man, an' pleaſe your honours, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of geneva——and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us ſpirits, and drive away the vapours—we know not what it is to fear death.

I am at a loſs, Captain *Shandy*, quoth Doctor *Slop*, to determine in which branch of learning your ſervant ſhines moſt, whether in phyſiology, or divinity.—*Slop* had not forgot *Trim*'s comment upon the ſermon.—

It is but an hour ago, replied *Yorick*, ſince the corporal was examined in the latter, and paſs'd muſter with great honour.——

The radical heat and moiſture, quoth Doctor *Slop*, turning to my father, you muſt know, is the baſis and foundation of our being,—as the root of a tree is

the ſource and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the ſeeds of all animals, and may be preſerved ſundry ways, but principally in my opinion by *conſubſtantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*. ——Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. *Slop*, pointing to the corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard ſome ſuperficial empiric diſcourſe upon this nice point.——That he has,—ſaid my father.——Very likely, ſaid my uncle. —I'm ſure of it—quoth *Yorick*.——

CHAP. XLI.

DOCTOR *Slop* being called out to look at a cataplaſm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the *Triſtra-pædia*.——Come! chear up, my lads; I'll ſhew you land———for when we have tugged through that chapter, the book ſhall not be opened again this twelvemonth.—Huzza!—

CHAP. XLII.

——FIVE years with a bib under his chin;

Four years in travelling from Chriſt-croſs-row to *Malachi*;

A year and a half in learning to write his own name;

Seven long years and more τυπτω-ing it, at Greek and Latin;

Four years at his *probations* and his *negations*—the fine ſtatue ſtill lying in the middle of the marble block,—and nothing done, but his tools ſharpened to hew it out!—'Tis a piteous delay!—Was not the great *Julius Scaliger* within an ace of never getting his tools ſharpened at all?———Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek;—and *Peter Damianus*, lord biſhop of *Oſtia*, as all the world knows, could not ſo much as read, when he was of man's eſtate.—And *Baldus* himſelf, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law ſo late in life, that

every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world: no wonder, when *Eudamidas*, the ſon of *Archidamas*, heard *Xenocrates* at ſeventy-five diſputing about *wiſdom*, that he aſked gravely,—*If the old man be yet diſputing and enquiring concerning wiſdom, —what time will he have to make uſe of it?*

Yorick liſtened to my father with great attention; there was a ſeaſoning of wiſdom unaccountably mixed up with his ſtrangeſt whims, and he had ſometimes ſuch illuminations in the darkeſt of his eclipſes, as almoſt atoned for them:—be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

I am convinced, *Yorick*, continued my father, half reading and half diſcourſing, that there is a North-weſt paſſage to the intellectual world; and that the ſoul of man has ſhorter ways of going to work, in furniſhing itſelf with knowledge and inſtruction, than we generally take with it.——But alack! all fields have not a river or a ſpring running beſides them;—every child, *Yorick!* has not a parent to point it out.

——The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr. *Yorick*.

Had *Yorick* trod upon *Virgil*'s ſnake, he could not have looked more ſurpriſed. —I am ſurpriſed too, cried my father, obſerving it,—and I reckon it as one of the greateſt calamities which ever befel the republic of letters, That thoſe who have been entruſted with the education of our children, and whoſe buſineſs it was to open their minds, and ſtock them early with ideas, in order to ſet the imagination looſe upon them, have made ſo little uſe of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done——So that, except *Raymond Lullius*, and the elder *Pelegrini*, the laſt of which arrived to ſuch perfection in the uſe of 'em, with his topics, that in a few leſſons, he could teach a young gentleman to diſcourſe with plauſibility upon any ſubject, *pro* and *con*, and to ſay and write all that could be ſpoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.—I ſhould

be glad, ſaid *Yorick*, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter. You ſhall, ſaid my father.

The higheſt ſtretch of improvement a ſingle word is capable of, is a high metaphor,——for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worſe, and not the better;——but be that as it may, —when the mind has done that with it —there is an end,—the mind and the idea are at reſt,—until a ſecond idea enters;——and ſo on.

Now the uſe of the *Auxiliaries* is, at once to ſet the ſoul a-going by herſelf upon the materials as they are brought her; and by the verſability of this great engine, round which they are twiſted, to open new tracks of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

You excite my curioſity greatly, ſaid *Yorick*.

For my own part, quoth my uncle *Toby*, I have given it up.—— The *Danes*, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth the corporal, who were on the left at the ſiege

of *Limerick*, were all auxiliaries.——And very good ones, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—But the auxiliaries, *Trim*, my brother is talking about,—I conceive to be different things.——

——You do? ſaid my father, riſing up,

CHAP. XLIII.

My father took a ſingle turn acroſs the room, then ſat down and finiſhed the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, *am*; *was*; *have*; *had*; *do*; *did*; *make*; *made*; *ſuffer*; *ſhall*; *ſhould*; *will*; *would*; *can*; *could*; *owe*; *ought*; *uſed*; or *is wont*.—And theſe varied with tenſes, *preſent*, *paſt*, *future*, and conjugated with the verb *ſee*,—or with theſe queſtions added to them;—*Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be? Might it be?* And theſe again put negatively, *Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*—Or affirmatively,—*It is*;

It was; *It ought to be.* Or chronologically,—*Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?*—Or hypothetically,—*If it was*; *If it was not?* What would follow?——If the *French* ſhould beat the *Engliſh?* If the *Sun* go out of the *Zodiac?*

Now, by the right uſe and application of theſe, continued my father, in which a child's memory ſhould be exerciſed, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren ſoever, but a magazine of conceptions and concluſions may be drawn forth from it.——Didſt thou ever ſee a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to *Trim*, who ſtood at the back of his chair:—No, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal.——But thou couldſt diſcourſe about one, *Trim*, ſaid my father, in caſe of need?——How is it poſſible, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, if the corporal never ſaw one?——'Tis the fact I want; replied my father,—and the poſſibility of it is as follows.

A WHITE BEAR! Very well. Have I ever ſeen one? Might I ever have ſeen one? Am I ever to ſee one? Ought I ever to have ſeen one? Or can I ever ſee one?

Would I had ſeen a white bear! (for how can I imagine it?)

If I ſhould ſee a white bear, what ſhould I ſay? If I ſhould never ſee a white bear, what then?

If I never have, can, muſt, or ſhall ſee a white bear alive; have I ever ſeen the ſkin of one? Did I ever ſee one painted?—deſcribed? Have I never dreamed of one?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers or ſiſters, ever ſee a white bear? What would they give? How would they behave? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? Tame? Terrible? Rough? Smooth?

—Is the white bear worth ſeeing?—

—Is there no ſin in it?—

Is it better than a BLACK ONE?

CHAP. XLIV.

——WE'LL not ſtop two moments, my dear Sir,—only, as we have got through theſe five volumes*, (do, Sir, ſit down upon a ſet——they are better than nothing) let us juſt look back upon the country we have paſs'd through.——

——What a wilderneſs has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been loſt, or devoured by wild beaſts in it!

Did you think the world itſelf, Sir, had contained ſuch a number of Jack Aſſes?——How they view'd and review'd us as we paſſed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!—— and when we climbed over that hill, and were juſt getting out of ſight—good God! what a braying did they all ſet up together!

* In the firſt edition, the ſixth volume began with this chapter.

——Prithee, ſhepherd! who keeps all thoſe Jack Aſſes? * * *

——Heaven be their comforter——What! are they never curried?——Are they never taken in in winter?——Bray, bray—bray. Bray on,—the world is deeply your debtor;——louder ſtill—that's nothing;—in good ſooth, you are ill-uſed:——Was I a Jack Aſſe, I ſolemnly declare, I would bray in G-ſol-re-ut from morning, even unto night.

CHAP. XLV.

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages, he cloſed the book for good an' all,—and in a kind of triumph redelivered it into *Trim*'s hand, with a nod to lay it upon the 'ſcrutoire, where he found it.——*Triſtram*, ſaid he, ſhall be made to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the ſame way;——every word, *Yorick*, by this means, you ſee, is converted into a theſis or an hypotheſis;—

every theſis and hypotheſis have an off-ſpring of propoſitions;—and each propoſition has its own conſequences and concluſions; every one of which leads the mind on again, into freſh tracks of enquiries and doubtings.——The force of this engine, added my father, is incredible, in opening a child's head.——'Tis enough, brother *Shandy*, cried my uncle *Toby*, to burſt it into a thouſand ſplinters.———

I preſume, ſaid *Yorick*, ſmiling,—it muſt be owing to this,——(for let logicians ſay what they will, it is not to be accounted for ſufficiently from the bare uſe of the ten predicaments)——That the famous *Vincent Quirino*, amongſt the many other aſtoniſhing feats of his childhood, of which the Cardinal *Bembo* has given the world ſo exact a ſtory,—ſhould be able to paſte up in the public ſchools at *Rome*, ſo early as in the eighth year of his age, no leſs than four thouſand five hundred and ſixty different theſes, upon the moſt abſtruſe points of the moſt abſtruſe theology;—and to defend and

maintain them in ſuch ſort, as to cramp and dumbfound his opponents.—— What is that, cried my father, to what is told us of *Alphonſus Toſtatus*, who, almoſt in his nurſe's arms, learned all the ſciences and liberal arts without being taught any one of them?——What ſhall we ſay of the great *Pereſkius?*— That's the very man, cried my uncle *Toby*, I once told you of, brother *Shandy*, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from *Paris* to *Schevling*, and from *Schevling* back again, merely to ſee *Stevinus*'s flying chariot.——He was a very great man! added my uncle *Toby* (meaning *Stevinus)*—He was ſo, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father (meaning *Pereſkius)*——and had multiplied his ideas ſo faſt, and increaſed his knowledge to ſuch a prodigious ſtock, that, if we may give credit to an anecdote concerning him, which we cannot withhold here, without ſhaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever—at ſeven years of age, his father committed entirely to his care the education of his younger bro-

ther, a boy of five years old,—with the ſole management of all his concerns.--Was the father as wiſe as the ſon? quoth my uncle *Toby*:—I ſhould think not, ſaid *Yorick*:—But what are theſe, continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of enthuſiaſm)—what are theſe, to thoſe prodigies of childhood in *Grotius*, *Scioppius*, *Heinſius*, *Politian*, *Paſcal*, *Joſeph Scaliger*, *Ferdinand de Cordouè*, and others—ſome of which left off their *ſubſtantial forms* at nine years old, or ſooner, and went on reaſoning without them;—others went through their claſſics at ſeven;—wrote tragedies at eight;—*Ferdinand de Cordouè* was ſo wiſe at nine,—'twas thought the Devil was in him;——and at *Venice* gave ſuch proofs of his knowledge and goodneſs, that the monks imagined he was *Antichriſt*, or nothing.——Others were maſters of fourteen languages at ten,—finiſhed the courſe of their rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics at eleven,—put forth their commentaries upon *Servius* and *Martianus Capella* at twelve,—and at thirteen received their degrees

in philoſophy, laws, and divinity:—— But you forget the great *Lipſius*, quoth *Yorick*, who compoſed a work* the day he was born:——They ſhould have wiped it up, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and ſaid no more about it.

CHAP. XLVI.

WHEN the cataplaſm was ready, a ſcruple of *decorum* had unſeaſonably roſe up in *Suſannah*'s conſcience, about holding the candle, whilſt *Slop* tied it on; *Slop* had not treated *Suſannah*'s diſtemper with anodynes,—and ſo a quarrel had enſued betwixt them.

* Nous aurions quelque interêt, ſays *Baillet*, de montrer qu'il n' a rien de ridicule s'il étoit véritable, au moins dans le ſens énigmatique que *Nicius Erythræus* a tâché de lui donner. Cet auteur dit que pour comprendre comme *Lipſe*, a pû compoſer un ouvrage le premier jour de ſa vie, il faut s'imaginer, que ce premier jour n'eſt pas celui de ſa naiſſance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'uſer de la raiſon; il veut que ç'ait été à l'age de *neuf* ans; et il nous veut perſuader que ce fut en cet âge, que *Lipſe* fit un poeme.——Le tour eſt ingenieux, &c. &c.

——Oh! oh!——ſaid *Slop*, caſting a glance of undue freedom in *Suſannah*'s face, as ſhe declined the office;——then, I think I know you, madam——You know me, Sir! cried *Suſannah* faſtidiouſly, and with a toſs of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profeſſion, but at the doctor himſelf,——you know me! cried *Suſannah* again.——Doctor *Slop* clapped his finger and his thumb inſtantly upon his noſtrils;——*Suſannah*'s ſpleen was ready to burſt at it;——'Tis falſe, ſaid *Suſannah*.—Come, come, Mrs. Modeſty, ſaid *Slop*, not a little elated with the ſucceſs of his laſt thruſt, ——If you won't hold the candle, and look—you may hold it and ſhut your eyes:—That's one of your popiſh ſhifts, cried *Suſannah*:—'Tis better, ſaid *Slop*, with a nod, than no ſhift at all, young woman;——I defy you, Sir, cried *Suſannah*, pulling her ſhift ſleeve below her elbow.

It was almoſt impoſſible for two perſons to aſſiſt each other in a ſurgical caſe with a more ſplenetic cordiality.

Slop ſnatched up the cataplaſm,—— *Suſannah* ſnatched up the candle;—— A little this way, ſaid *Slop*; *Suſannah* looking one way, and rowing another, inſtantly ſet fire to *Slop*'s wig, which being ſomewhat buſhy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.—— You impudent whore! cried *Slop*,—(for what is paſſion, but a wild beaſt?)—you impudent whore, cried *Slop*, getting upright, with the cataplaſm in his hand;——I never was the deſtruction of any body's noſe, ſaid *Suſannah*,—which is more than you can ſay:——Is it? cried *Slop*, throwing the cataplaſm in her face;——Yes, it is, cried *Suſannah*, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.

CHAP. XLVII.

DOCTOR *Slop* and *Suſannah* filed croſs-bills againſt each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplaſm had failed, they retired into the kitchen to prepare a fomentation for me;—and

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hed as the Act directs Jan.y 14th 1780 by W. Strahan. T. Cadell. J. Dodsley.
G. Robinson. & J. Murray. &c &c

which he is to view himſelf from morning to night, and by which he is to adjuſt his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmoſt ſentiments of his heart;—I would have one, *Yorick*, if poſſible, poliſhed at all points, fit for my child to look into.——This is very good ſenſe, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himſelf.

——There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and ſpeaking, which argues a man *well within*; and I am not at all ſurpriſed that *Gregory* of *Nazianzum*, upon obſerving the haſty and untoward geſtures of *Julian*, ſhould foretel he would one day become an apoſtate;——or that St. *Ambroſe* ſhould turn his *Amanuenſis* out of doors, becauſe of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail;——or that *Democritus* ſhould conceive *Protagoras* to be a ſcholar, from ſeeing him bind up a faggot, and thruſting, as he did it, the ſmall twigs inwards.——There are a thouſand unnoticed openings, continued

my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's ſoul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of ſenſe does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,—or take it up in going out of it, but ſomething eſcapes, which diſcovers him.

It is for theſe reaſons, continued my father, that the governor I make choice of ſhall neither * liſp, or ſquint, or wink, or talk loud, or look fierce, or fooliſh;——or bite his lips, or grind his teeth, or ſpeak through his noſe, or pick it, or blow it with his fingers.——

He ſhall neither walk faſt,—or ſlow, or fold his arms,—for that is lazineſs;—or hang them down,—for that is folly; or hide them in his pocket, for that is nonſenſe.——

He ſhall neither ſtrike, or pinch, or tickle,—or bite, or cut his nails, or hawk, or ſpit, or ſnift, or drum with his feet or fingers in company;——nor (according to *Eraſmus*) ſhall he ſpeak to

* Vid. *Pellegrina.*

any one in making water,—nor ſhall he point to carrion or excrement.——Now this is all nonſenſe again, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himſelf.——

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, faceté, jovial; at the ſame time, prudent, attentive to buſineſs, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in reſolving doubts and ſpeculative queſtions;——he ſhall be wiſe and judicious, and learned:——And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle-tempered, and good? ſaid *Yorick*:——And why not, cried my uncle *Toby*, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave?——He ſhall, my dear *Yorick*, replied my father, getting up and ſhaking him by his hand.—Then, brother *Shandy*, anſwered my uncle *Toby*, raiſing himſelf off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand,—I humbly beg I may recommend poor *Le Fever*'s ſon to you;——a tear of joy of the firſt water ſparkled in my uncle *Toby*'s eye,—and another, the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the propoſition was made;——

you will ſee why when you read *Le Fever*'s ſtory:——fool that I was! nor can I recollect, (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the corporal tell it in his own words;—but the occaſion is loſt,—I muſt tell it now in my own.

CHAP. XLIX.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which *Dendermond* was taken by the allies,—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many, after the time, that my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in *Europe*——when my uncle *Toby* was one evening getting his ſupper, with *Trim* ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard,—I ſay, ſitting—for

in conſideration of the corporal's la
knee (which ſometimes gave him exq
ſite pain)—when my uncle *Toby* dined
ſupped alone, he would never ſuffer
corporal to ſtand; and the poor fello
veneration for his maſter was ſuch, th
with a proper artillery, my uncle *T*
could have taken *Dendermond* itſ
with leſs trouble than he was able
gain this point over him; for man
time when my uncle *Toby* ſuppoſed
corporal's leg was at reſt, he would l
back, and detect him ſtanding beh
him with the moſt dutiful reſpect:
bred more little ſquabbles betwixt th
than all other cauſes for five-and-twe
years together—But this is neither h
nor there—why do I mention it?—
Aſk my pen,—it governs me,—I gov
not it.

He was one evening ſitting thu
his ſupper, when the landlord of a li
inn in the village came into the parl
with an empty phial in his hand, to
a glaſs or two of ſack; 'Tis for a
gentleman,—I think, of the army,

the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing, till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt,——*I think*, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*———

——If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy ſuch a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill.——I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle *Toby*; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,—and take a couple of bottles with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow—*Trim*,

—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt; ——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—do, *Trim*,—and aſk if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can aſk his ſon again:——Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:——He has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days.

My uncle *Toby* laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and *Trim*, without being or-

dered, took away, without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay in the room a little, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——

Trim!——ſaid my uncle *Toby*, after he lighted his pipe, and ſmok'd about a dozen whiffs.——*Trim* came in front of his maſter, and made his bow;—my uncle *Toby* ſmok'd on, and ſaid no more.——Corporal! ſaid my uncle *Toby* ——the corporal made his bow.—— My uncle *Toby* proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

Trim! ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. *Nicholas*;——and beſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night,

that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear ſo, replied my uncle *Toby*; but I am not at reſt in my mind, *Trim*, ſince the account the landlord has given me. ——I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,—added my uncle *Toby*,—or that I had known more of it:——How ſhall we manage it? Leave it, an't pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and ſtick and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—— Thou ſhalt go, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.——I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

My uncle *Toby* filled his ſecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as

well to have the curtain of the tennaile a ſtraight line, as a crooked one,—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor *Le Fever* and his boy the whole time he ſmoked it.

CHAP. L.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED.

IT was not till my uncle *Toby* had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that corporal *Trim* returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I deſpaired, at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant—Is he in the army, then? ſaid my uncle *Toby*——He is: ſaid the corporal——And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle *Toby*——I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, *Trim*, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and not interrupt thee

till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, *Trim*, in the window-ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it—*Your honour is good*:——And having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered,—and begun the ſtory to my uncle *Toby* over again in pretty near the ſame words.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure, of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked,—That's a right diſtinction, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him;——that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment), he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he

gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man, —we can hire horſes from hence.—— But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me, —for I heard the death-watch all night long;——and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;——but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth. ——Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the pupoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.——I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.——I am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier.——The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.——Poor youth! ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the

name of a ſoldier, *Trim*, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wiſh I had him here.

——I never, in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your honour? Nothing in the world, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain *Shandy*'s ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar——(And thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle *Toby*)——he was heartily welcome to it:——He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no anſwer,—for his heart was full—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt;—I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be

well again.——Mr. *Yorick*'s curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but ſaid not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it wrong; added the corporal——I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

When the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.——I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,——for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-ſide, and as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.——

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. *Trim*, never ſaid your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.——Are you ſure of it? replied the curate.——A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as

often (of his own accord) as a parſon;——and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God, of any one in the whole world——'Twas well ſaid of thee, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—haraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—haraſſing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—reſting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his ſhirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on;—muſt ſay his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, ſaid I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon,—though not with all his

fuſs and hypocriſy.——Thou ſhouldſt not have ſaid that, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:——At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then)—it will be ſeen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we ſhall be advanced, *Trim*, accordingly.——I hope we ſhall, ſaid *Trim*.——It is in the Scripture, ſaid my uncle *Toby*; and I will ſhew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, *Trim*, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—— I hope not; ſaid the corporal——But go on, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, with thy ſtory.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the

ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beſide it:——The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling; —the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the ſame time.——Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

He did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide:—If you are Captain *Shandy*'s ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me;—if he was of *Levens*'s—ſaid the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was—Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in *Flanders*, and remember him,—but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing

of me.——You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one *Le Fever*, a lieutenant in *Angus*'s——but he knows me not,—ſaid he, a ſecond time, muſing;——poſſibly he may my ſtory—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the enſign at *Breda*, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket-ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well.——Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſs'd it twice——Here, *Billy*, ſaid he,——the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,—then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, with a deep ſigh,—I wiſh, *Trim*, I was aſleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe?——Do, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

I remember, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other (I forget what), was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon:—'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honour a good night; young *Le Fever* roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from *Ireland*, and were on their route to join the regiment in *Flanders*.——But alas! ſaid the corporal,—the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. LI.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED.

IT was to my uncle *Toby*'s eternal honour,——though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a poſitive law, know not for their ſouls, which way in the world to turn themſelves——That notwithſtanding my uncle *Toby* was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of *Dendermond*, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly, that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheleſs he gave up *Dendermond*, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterſcarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of *Dendermond* into a blockade,—he left *Dendermond* to itſelf,—to be

relieved or not by the *French* king, as the *French* king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

——That kind BEING, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompence thee for this.

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle *Toby* to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,——and I will tell thee in what, *Trim*.——In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to *Le Fever*,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf, out of his pay,—that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, *Trim*, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.——Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders;——True, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—thou didſt very right, *Trim*, as a ſoldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle *Toby*,——when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe,—thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too:——A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, *Trim*, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:——Thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, *Trim*,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.———

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle *Toby*, ſmiling,—he might march.——He will never march, an' pleaſe your honour, in this world, ſaid the corporal:——He will march; ſaid my uncle *Toby*, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off:——An' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave:——He ſhall march, cried my uncle *Toby*, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advance-

ing an inch,—he ſhall march to his regiment.——He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal;——He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle *Toby*;——He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal, and what will become of his boy?——He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, firmly.——A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, ſaid *Trim*, maintaining his point,—the poor ſoul will die:——He ſhall not die, by G—, cried my uncle *Toby*.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſh'd as he gave it in;—and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

CHAP. LII.

——My uncle *Toby* went to his bureau,—put his purſe into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,—he went to bed, and fell aſleep.

CHAP. LIII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED.

THE ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but *Le Fever*'s and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſs'd heavy upon his eye-lids,——and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,—when my uncle *Toby*, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, ſat himſelf down upon the chair by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,—how he had reſted in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:——and without giving him time to anſwer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which

he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.——

——You ſhall go home directly, *Le Fever*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, to my houſe, —and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe;——and I'll be your ſervant, *Le Fever*.

There was a frankneſs in my uncle *Toby*,—not the *effect* of familiarity,—but the *cauſe* of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle *Toby* had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and ſpirits of *Le Fever*, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to

their laſt citadel, the heart,—rallied back,—the film forſook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle *Toby*'s face,—then caſt a look upon his boy,——and that *ligament*, fine as it was,—was never broken.———

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulſe fluttered——ſtopp'd——went on———throbb'd——ſtopp'd again——moved——ſtopp'd——ſhall I go on?——No.

CHAP. LIV.

I AM ſo impatient to return to my own ſtory, that what remains of young *Le Fever*'s, that is, from this turn of his fortune, to the time my uncle *Toby* recommended him for my preceptor, ſhall be told in a very few words, in the next chapter.—All that is neceſſary to be added to this chapter is as follows.—

That my uncle *Toby*, with young *Le Fever* in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That the governor of *Dendermond* paid his obſequies all military honours,—and that *Yorick*, not to be behind-hand—paid him all eccleſiaſtic—for he buried him in his chancel:—And it appears likewiſe, he preached a funeral ſermon over him——I ſay it *appears*,—for it was *Yorick*'s cuſtom, which I ſuppoſe a general one with thoſe of his profeſſion, on the firſt leaf of every ſermon which he compoſed, to chronicle down the time, the place, and the occaſion of its being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add ſome ſhort comment or ſtricture upon the ſermon itſelf, ſeldom, indeed, much to its credit:—For inſtance, *This ſermon upon the jewiſh diſpenſation—I don't like it at all;—Though I own there is a world of* WATER-LANDISH *knowledge in it,—but 'tis all tritical, and moſt tritically put together.———This is but a flimſy kind of a compoſition; what was in my head when I made it?*

——N. B. *The excellency of this text is, that it will ſuit any ſermon,—and of this ſermon,——that it will ſuit any text.———*

——*For this ſermon I ſhall be hanged,—for I have ſtolen the greateſt part of it. Doctor* Paidagunes *found me out.* ☞ *Set a thief to catch a thief.*——

On the back of half a dozen I find written, *So, ſo,* and no more——and upon a couple *Moderato*; by which, as far as one may gather from *Altieri*'s *Italian* dictionary,—but moſtly from the authority of a piece of green whipcord, which ſeemed to have been the unravelling of *Yorick*'s whip-laſh, with which he has left us the two ſermons marked *Moderato*, and the half dozen of *So, ſo*, tied faſt together in one bundle by themſelves,—one may ſafely ſuppoſe he meant pretty near the ſame thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this, that the *moderato*'s are five times better than the *ſo ſo*'s;—ſhew ten times more knowledge of the human heart;—have ſeventy times more wit and ſpirit in them;—(and, to riſe properly in my climax)—diſcover a thouſand times more genius;—and to crown all, are infinitely more

entertaining than thoſe tied up with them; —for which reaſon, whene'er *Yorick*'s *dramatic* ſermons are offered to the world, though I ſhall admit but one out of the whole number of the *ſo, ſo*'s, I ſhall, nevertheleſs, adventure to print the two *moderato*'s without any ſort of ſcruple.

What *Yorick* could mean by the words *lentamente*,—*tenutè*,—*grave*,—and ſometimes *adagio*,—as applied to theological compoſitions, and with which he has characteriſed ſome of theſe ſermons, I dare not venture to gueſs.——I am more puzzled ſtill upon finding *a l' ottava alta!* upon one;——*Conſtrepito* upon the back of another;——*Scicilliana* upon a third;——*Alla capella* upon a fourth;——*Con l'arco* upon this;——*Senza l'arco* upon that.——All I know is, that they are muſical terms, and have a meaning;——and as he was a muſical man, I will make no doubt, but that by ſome quaint application of ſuch metaphors to the compoſitions in hand, they impreſſed very diſtinct ideas of their ſeveral characters upon his fancy,—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongſt theſe, there is that particular ſermon which has unaccountably led me into this digreſſion——The funeral ſermon upon poor *Le Fever*, wrote out very fairly, as if from a haſty copy.—I take notice of it the more, becauſe it ſeems to have been his favourite compoſition——It is upon mortality; and is tied length-ways and croſs-ways with a yarn thrum, and then rolled up and twiſted round with a half-ſheet of dirty blue paper, which ſeems to have been once the caſt cover of a general review, which to this day ſmells horribly of horſe-drugs.——Whether theſe marks of humiliation were deſigned,—I ſomething doubt;——becauſe at the end of the ſermon (and not at the beginning of it)—very different from his way of treating the reſt, he had wrote——

Bravo!

——Though not very offenſively, ——for it is at two inches, at leaſt, and a half's diſtance from, and below the concluding line of the ſermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in

that right hand corner of it, which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it juſtice, it is wrote beſides with a crow's quill ſo faintly in a ſmall *Italian* hand, as ſcarce to ſolicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not,—ſo that from the *manner of it*, it ſtands half excuſed; and being wrote moreover with very pale ink, diluted almoſt to nothing,—'tis more like a *ritratto* of the ſhadow of vanity, than of VANITY herſelf—of the two; reſembling rather a faint thought of tranſient applauſe, ſecretly ſtirring up in the heart of the compoſer, than a groſs mark of it, coarſely obtruded upon the world.

With all theſe extenuations, I am aware, that in publiſhing this, I do no ſervice to *Yorick*'s character as a modeſt man;—but all men have their failings! and what leſſens this ſtill farther, and almoſt wipes it away, is this; that the word was ſtruck through ſometime afterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite acroſs

it in this manner, ~~BRAVO~~ ——as if he had retracted, or was aſhamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

Theſe ſhort characters of his ſermons were always written, excepting in this one inſtance, upon the firſt leaf of his ſermon, which ſerved as a cover to it; and uſually upon the inſide of it, which was turned towards the text;—but at the end of his diſcourſe, where, perhaps, he had five or ſix pages, and ſometimes, perhaps, a whole ſcore to turn himſelf in,—he took a large circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettleſome one;—as if he had ſnatched the occaſion of unlacing himſelf with a few more frolickſome ſtrokes at vice, than the ſtraitneſs of the pulpit allowed.—Theſe, though huſſar-like, they ſkirmiſh lightly and out of all order, are ſtill auxiliaries on the ſide of virtue;— tell me then, Mynheer Vander Blonederdondergewdenſtronke, why they ſhould not be printed together?

CHAP. LV.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* had turned every thing into money, and ſettled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and *Le Fever*, and betwixt *Le Fever* and all mankind,——there remained nothing more in my uncle *Toby*'s hands, than an old regimental coat and a ſword; ſo that my uncle *Toby* found little or no oppoſition from the world in taking adminiſtration. The coat my uncle *Toby* gave the corporal;——Wear it, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, as long as it will hold together, for the ſake of the poor lieutenant——And this,——ſaid my uncle *Toby*, taking up the ſword in his hand, and drawing it out of the ſcabbard as he ſpoke——and this, *Le Fever*, I'll ſave for thee,—'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle *Toby*, hanging it up upon a crook, and pointing to it,—'tis all the fortune, my dear *Le Fever*, which God has left thee;

but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doeſt it like a man of honour,—'tis enough for us.

As ſoon as my uncle *Toby* had laid a foundation, and taught him to inſcribe a regular polygon in a circle, he ſent him to a public ſchool, where, excepting *Whitſontide* and *Chriſtmas*, at which times the corporal was punctually diſpatched for him,—he remained to the ſpring of the year, ſeventeen; when the ſtories of the emperor's ſending his army into *Hungary* againſt the *Turks*, kindling a ſpark of fire in his boſom, he left his *Greek* and *Latin* without leave, and throwing himſelf upon his knees before my uncle *Toby*, begged his father's ſword, and my uncle *Toby*'s leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under *Eugene*.—Twice did my uncle *Toby* forget his wound, and cry out, *Le Fever!* I will go with thee, and thou ſhalt fight beſide me——And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in ſorrow and diſconſolation.———

My uncle *Toby* took down the ſword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever ſince the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up;——and having detained *Le Fever* a ſingle fortnight to equip him, and contract for his paſſage to *Leghorn*, —he put the ſword into his hand,—— If thou art brave, *Le Fever*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, this will not fail thee,—— but Fortune, ſaid he (muſing a little), ——Fortune may——And if ſhe does, —added my uncle *Toby*, embracing him, come back again to me, *Le Fever*, and we will ſhape thee another courſe.

The greateſt injury could not have oppreſſed the heart of *Le Fever* more than my uncle *Toby*'s paternal kindneſs;—— he parted from my uncle *Toby*, as the beſt of ſons from the beſt of fathers—— both dropped tears——and as my uncle *Toby* gave him his laſt kiſs, he ſlipped ſixty guineas, tied up in an old purſe of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,—and bid God bleſs him.

CHAP. LVI.

LE FEVER got up to the Imperial army juſt time enough to try what metal his ſword was made of, at the defeat of the *Turks* before *Belgrade*; but a ſeries of unmerited miſchances had purſued him from that moment, and trod cloſe upon his heels for four years together after: he had withſtood theſe buffetings to the laſt, till ſickneſs overtook him at *Marſeilles*, from whence he wrote my uncle *Toby* word, he had loſt his time, his ſervices, his health, and, in ſhort, every thing but his ſword;—— and was waiting for the firſt ſhip to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about ſix weeks before *Suſannah*'s accident, *Le Fever* was hourly expected; and was uppermoſt in my uncle *Toby*'s mind all the time my father was giving him and *Yorick* a deſcription of what kind of a perſon he would chuſe for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle *Toby* thought

my father at firſt ſomewhat fanciful in the accompliſhments he required, he forbore mentioning *Le Fever*'s name, ——till the character, by *Yorick*'s interpoſition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who ſhould be gentle tempered, and generous, and good, it impreſſed the image of *Le Fever*, and his intereſt upon my uncle *Toby* ſo forcibly, he roſe inſtantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands——I beg, brother *Shandy*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I may recommend poor *Le Fever*'s ſon to you——I beſeech you, do, added *Yorick*——He has a good heart, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——And a brave one too, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal.

——The beſt hearts, *Trim*, are ever the braveſt, replied my uncle *Toby*. ——And the greateſt cowards, an' pleaſe your honour, in our regiment, were the greateſt raſcals in it.——There was ſerjeant *Kumber*, and enſign ———

——We'll talk of them, ſaid my father, another time.

CHAP. LVII.

WHAT a jovial and a merry world would this be, may it pleafe your worfhips, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, difcontent, melancholy, large jointures, impofitions, and lies!

Doctor *Slop*, like a fon of a w——, as my father called him for it,—to exalt himfelf,—debafed me to death,—and made ten thoufand times more of *Sufannah*'s accident, than there was any grounds for; fo that in a week's time, or lefs, it was in every body's mouth, *That poor Mafter Shandy* * * * * * * * * * * * * entirely.— And FAME, who loves to double every thing,—in three days more, had fworn pofitively fhe faw it,—and all the world, as ufual, gave credit to her evidence—— "That the nurfery window had not only *;——but that * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *'s alſo."

Could the world have been ſued like a BODY-CORPORATE,—my father had brought an action upon the caſe, and trounced it ſufficiently; but to fall foul of individuals about it——as every ſoul who had mentioned the affair, did it with the greateſt pity imaginable;—— 'twas like flying in the very face of his beſt friends:——And yet to acquieſce under the report, in ſilence—was to acknowledge it openly,—at leaſt in the opinion of one half of the world; and to make a buſtle again, in contradicting it,—was to confirm it as ſtrongly in the opinion of the other half.———

——Was ever poor devil of a country gentleman ſo hampered? ſaid my father.

I would ſhew him publickly, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, at the market croſs.

——'Twill have no effect, ſaid my father.

CHAP. LVIII.

——I'll put him, however, into breeches, ſaid my father,—let the world ſay what it will.

CHAP. LIX.

THERE are a thouſand reſolutions, Sir, both in church and ſtate, as well as in matters, Madam, of a more private concern;—which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of being taken, and entered upon in a haſty, hare-brained, and unadviſed manner, were, notwithſtanding this, (and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or ſtood behind the curtain, we ſhould have found it was ſo) weighed, poized, and perpended——argued upon——canvaſſed through——entered into, and examined on all ſides with ſo much coolneſs, that the GODDESS of COOLNESS herſelf (I do not take upon me to prove her exiſtence) could neither have wiſhed it, or done it better.

Of the number of theſe was my father's reſolution of putting me into breeches; which, though determined at once,—in a kind of huff, and a defiance of all mankind, had, nevertheleſs, been *pro'd* and *conn'd*, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother about a month before, in two ſeveral *beds of juſtice*, which my father had held for that purpoſe. I ſhall explain the nature of theſe beds of juſtice in my next chapter; and in the chapter following that, you ſhall ſtep with me, Madam, behind the curtain, only to hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated between themſelves, this affair of the breeches,—from which you may form an idea, how they debated all leſſer matters.

CHAP. LX.

THE ancient *Goths* of *Germany*, who (the learned *Cluverius* is poſitive) were firſt ſeated in the country between the *Viſtula* and the *Oder*, and who after-

wards incorporated the *Herculi*, the *Bugians*, and ſome other *Vandallick* clans to 'em,—had all of them a wiſe cuſtom of debating every thing of importance to their ſtate, twice; that is,—once drunk, and once ſober:——Drunk—that their councils might not want vigour;——and ſober—that they might not want diſcretion.

Now my father being entirely a water-drinker,—was a long time gravelled almoſt to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing, which the ancients did or ſaid; and it was not till the ſeventh year of his marriage, after a thouſand fruitleſs experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which anſwered the purpoſe;——and that was, when any difficult and momentous point was to be ſettled in the family, which required great ſobriety, and great ſpirit too, in its determination,——he fixed and ſet apart the firſt *Sunday* night in the month, and the *Saturday* night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over, in bed,

with my mother: By which contrivance, if you consider, Sir, with yourself, *.

These my father, humorously enough, called his *beds of justice*;——for from the two different counsels taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out, which touched the point of wisdom as well, as if he had got drunk and sober a hundred times.

It must not be made a secret of to the world, that this answers full as well in literary discussions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the *Goths* and *Vandals* did it——or, if he can, may it be always for his body's health; and to do it, as my father did it,—am I sure it would be always for his soul's.

My way is this:——

In all nice and tickliſh diſcuſſions,—(of which, heaven knows, there are but too many in my book)—where I find I cannot take a ſtep without the danger of having either their worſhips or their reverences upon my back——I write one-half *full*,—and t'other *faſting*;——or write it all full,—and correct it faſting;——or write it faſting,—and correct it full, for they all come to the ſame thing:——So that with a leſs variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the *Gothick*——I feel myſelf upon a par with him in his firſt bed of juſtice,—and no way inferior to him in his ſecond.——Theſe different and almoſt irreconcileable effects, flow uniformly from the wiſe and wonderful mechaniſm of nature,—of which,—be her's the honour.——All that we can do, is to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactury of the arts and ſciences.———

Now, when I write full,—I write as if I was never to write faſting again as long as I live;——that is, I write free from

the cares as well as the terrors of the world.——I count not the number of my fears,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and bye corners to antedate my ſtabs.——In a word, my pen takes its courſe; and I write on as much from the fulneſs of my heart, as my ſtomach.——

But when, an' pleaſe your honours, I indite faſting, 'tis a different hiſtory. ——I pay the world all poſſible attention and reſpect,—and have as great a ſhare (whilſt it laſts) of that underſtrapping virtue of diſcretion, as the beſt of you.——So that betwixt both, I write a careleſs kind of a civil, nonſenſical, good-humoured *Shandean* book, which will do all your hearts good———

——And all your heads too,—provided you underſtand it.

CHAP. LXI.

WE ſhould begin, ſaid my father, turning himſelf half round in bed, and ſhifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate——We ſhould begin to think, Mrs. *Shandy*, of putting this boy into breeches.——

We ſhould ſo,—ſaid my mother.——We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, ſhamefully.———

I think we do, Mr. *Shandy*,—ſaid my mother.

——Not but the child looks extremely well, ſaid my father, in his veſts and tunicks.———

——He does look very well in them,—replied my mother.———

——And for that reaſon it would be almoſt a ſin, added my father, to take him out of 'em.——

——It would ſo,—ſaid my mother:——But indeed he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoin'd my father.

——He is very tall for his age, indeed,—ſaid my mother.——

——I can not (making two ſyllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the duce he takes after.——

I cannot conceive, for my life,—ſaid my mother.———

Humph!——ſaid my father.

(The dialogue ceaſed for a moment.)

——I am very ſhort myſelf,—continued my father, gravely.

You are very ſhort, Mr. *Shandy*,—ſaid my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himſelf, a ſecond time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little further from my mother's,—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

——When he gets theſe breeches made, cried my father in a higher tone, he'll look like a beaſt in 'em.

He will be very aukward in them at firſt, replied my mother.———

——And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worſt on't, added my father.

It will be very lucky, anſwered my mother.

I ſuppoſe, replied my father,—making ſome pauſe firſt,—he'll be exactly like other people's children.———

Exactly, ſaid my mother.———

——Though I ſhould be ſorry for that, added my father: and ſo the debate ſtopped again.

——They ſhould be of leather, ſaid my father, turning him about again.—

They will laſt him, ſaid my mother, the longeſt.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.———

He cannot, ſaid my mother.

'Twere better to have them of fuſtian, quoth my father.

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.———

——Except dimity,—replied my father:——'Tis beſt of all,—replied my mother.

——One muſt not give him his death, however,—interrupted my father.

By no means, ſaid my mother:—— and ſo the dialogue ſtood ſtill again.

I am reſolved, however, quoth my father, breaking ſilence the fourth time, he ſhall have no pockets in them.——

——There is no occaſion for any, ſaid my mother.———

I mean in his coat and waiſtcoat,— cried my father.

——I mean ſo too,—replied my mother.

——Though if he gets a gig or top ——Poor ſouls! it is a crown and a ſcepter to them,—they ſhould have where to ſecure it.———

Order it as you pleaſe, Mr. *Shandy*, replied my mother.———

——But don't you think it right? added my father, preſſing the point home to her.

Perfectly, ſaid my mother, if it pleaſes you, Mr. *Shandy*.———

——There's for you! cried my father, loſing temper——Pleaſes me!——You never will diſtinguiſh, Mrs. *Shandy*, nor

ſhall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleaſure and a point of convenience.——This was on the *Sunday* night;——and further this chapter ſayeth not.

CHAP. LXII.

AFTER my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother,—he conſulted *Albertus Rubenius* upon it; and *Albertus Rubenius* uſed my father ten times worſe in the conſultation (if poſſible) than even my father had uſed my mother: For as *Rubenius* had wrote a quarto *expreſs*, *De re Veſtiaria Veterum*,—it was *Rubenius*'s buſineſs to have given my father ſome lights.—On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the ſeven cardinal virtues out of a long beard,—as of extracting a ſingle word out of *Rubenius* upon the ſubject.

Upon every other article of ancient dreſs, *Rubenius* was very communicative

to my father;—gave him a full and ſatisfactory account of

The Toga, or looſe gown.
The Chlamys.
The Ephod.
The Tunica, or Jacket.
The Syntheſis.
The Pænula.
The Lacema, with its Cucullus.
The Paludamentum.
The Prætexta.
The Sagum, or ſoldier's jerkin.
The Trabea: of which, according to *Suetonius*, there were three kinds.—

——But what are all theſe to the breeches? ſaid my father.

Rubenius threw him down upon the counter all kinds of ſhoes which had been in faſhion with the *Romans*.——— There was,

The open ſhoe.
The cloſe ſhoe.
The ſlip ſhoe.
The wooden ſhoe.
The ſoc.

The buſkin
And The military ſhoe with hob-nails in it, which *Juvenal* takes notice of.
There were, The clogs.
The pattins.
The pantoufles.
The brogues.
The ſandals, with latchets to them.
There was, The felt ſhoe.
The linen ſhoe.
The laced ſhoe.
The braided ſhoe.
The calceus inciſus.
And The calceus roſtratus.

Rubenius ſhewed my father how well they all fitted,—in what manner they laced on,—with what points, ſtraps, thongs, latchets, ribands, jaggs, and ends.———

——But I want to be informed about the breeches, ſaid my father.

Albertus Rubenius informed my father that the *Romans* manufactured ſtuffs of various fabrics,——ſome plain,—ſome

ſtriped,—others diapered throughout the whole contexture of the wool, with ſilk and gold——That linen did not begin to be in common uſe, till towards the declenſion of the empire, when the *Egyptians* coming to ſettle amongſt them, brought it into vogue.

——That perſons of quality and fortune diſtinguiſhed themſelves by the fineneſs and whiteneſs of their clothes; which colour (next to purple, which was appropriated to the great offices) they moſt affected, and wore on their birth-days and public rejoicings.——That it appeared from the beſt hiſtorians of thoſe times, that they frequently ſent their clothes to the fuller, to be cleaned and whitened;——but that the inferior people, to avoid that expence, generally wore brown clothes, and of a ſomething coarſer texture,—till towards the beginning of *Auguſtus*'s reign, when the ſlave dreſſed like his maſter, and almoſt every diſtinction of habiliment was loſt, but the *Latus Clavus*.

And what was the *Latus Clavus?* ſaid my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was ſtill litigating amongſt the learned:——That *Egnatius*, *Sigonius*, *Boſſius Ticinenſis*, *Bayfius*, *Budæus*, *Salmaſius*, *Lipſius*, *Lazius*, *Iſaac Caſaubon*, and *Joſeph Scaliger*, all differed from each other,—and he from them: That ſome took it to be the button,—ſome the coat itſelf,—others only the colour of it:—That the great *Bayfius*, in his Wardrobe of the Ancients, chap. 12.—honeſtly ſaid, he knew not what it was,—whether a tibula,—a ſtud,—a button,—a loop,—a buckle,—or claſps and keepers.——

——My father loſt the horſe, but not the ſaddle——They are *hooks and eyes*, ſaid my father——and with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made.

CHAP. LXIII.

We are now going to enter upon a new ſcene of events.——

——Leave we then the breeches in the taylor's hands, with my father ſtanding over him with his cane, reading him as he ſat at work a lecture upon the *latus clavus*, and pointing to the preciſe part of the waiſtband, where he was determined to have it ſewed on.——

Leave we my mother—(trueſt of all the *Poco-curante*'s of her ſex!)—careleſs about it, as about every thing elſe in the world which concerned her;—that is,—indifferent whether it was done this way or that,—provided it was but done at all.——

Leave we *Slop* likewiſe to the full profits of all my diſhonours.——

Leave we poor *Le Fever* to recover, and get home from *Marſeilles* as he can. ——And laſt of all,—becauſe the hardeſt of all——

Let us leave, if poſſible, *myſelf*:—— But 'tis impoſſible,—I muſt go along with you to the end of the work.

CHAP. LXIV.

IF the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and the half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle *Toby*'s kitchen garden, and which was the ſcene of ſo many of his delicious hours,—the fault is not in me,—but in his imagination;—for I am ſure I gave him ſo minute a deſcription, I was almoſt aſhamed of it.

When FATE was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great tranſactions of future times,—and recollected for what purpoſes, this little plot, by a decree faſt bound down in iron, had been deſtined,—ſhe gave a nod to NATURE—'twas enough—Nature threw half a ſpade full of her kindlieſt compoſt upon it, with juſt ſo *much* clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles and indentings,—and ſo *little* of it too, as not to cling to the ſpade, and render works of ſo much glory, naſty in foul weather.

My uncle *Toby* came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almoſt every fortified town in *Italy* and *Flanders*; ſo let the Duke of *Marlborough*, or the allies, have ſet down before what town they pleaſed, my uncle *Toby* was prepared for them.

His way, which was the ſimpleſt one in the world, was this; as ſoon as ever a town was inveſted—(but ſooner when the deſign was known) to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would), and enlarge it upon a ſcale to the exact ſize of his bowling-green; upon the ſurface of which, by means of a large role of packthread, and a number of ſmall piquets driven into the ground, at the ſeveral angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and ſlopes of the ditches,—the talus of the glacis, and the preciſe height of the ſeveral banquets, parapets, &c.—he ſet the

corporal to work——and ſweetly went it on:——The nature of the ſoil,—the nature of the work itſelf,—and above all, the good nature of my uncle *Toby* ſitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal upon paſt-done deeds,—left LABOUR little elſe but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finiſhed in this manner, and put into a proper poſture of defence,—it was inveſted,—and my uncle *Toby* and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel.——I beg I may not be interrupted in my ſtory, by being told, *That the firſt parallel ſhould be at leaſt three hundred toiſes diſtant from the main body of the place,—and that I have not left a ſingle inch for it*;——for my uncle *Toby* took the liberty of incroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the ſake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green, and for that reaſon generally ran his firſt and ſecond parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be conſi-

dered at large in the hiſtory of my uncle *Toby*'s and the corporal's campaigns, of which, this I'm now writing is but a ſketch, and will be finiſhed, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no gueſſing)——The campaigns themſelves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in ſo flimſy a performance as this, to rhapſodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work—— ſurely they had better be printed apart, ——we'll conſider the affair——ſo take the following ſketch of them in the mean time.

CHAP. LXV.

WHEN the town, with its works, was finiſhed, my uncle *Toby* and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel——not at random, or any how ——but from the ſame points and diſtances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and at-

tacks, by the accounts my uncle *Toby* received from the daily papers,—they went on, during the whole ſiege, ſtep by ſtep with the allies.

When the duke of *Marlborough* made a lodgment,——my uncle *Toby* made a lodgment too.——And when the face of a baſtion was battered down, or a defence ruined,—the corporal took his mattock and did as much,—and ſo on;——gaining ground, and making themſelves maſters of the works one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleaſure in the happy ſtate of others,—there could not have been a greater ſight in the world, than, on a poſt-morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the duke of *Marlborough*, in the main body of the place,—to have ſtood behind the horn-beam hedge, and obſerved the ſpirit with which my uncle *Toby*, with *Trim* behind him, ſallied forth;——the one with the *Gazette* in his hand,—the other with a ſpade on his ſhoulder to ex-

ecute the contents.——What an honeſt triumph in my uncle *Toby*'s looks as he marched up to the ramparts! What intenſe pleaſure ſwimming in his eye as he ſtood over the corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, leſt, peradventure, he ſhould make the breach an inch too wide,—or leave it an inch too narrow——But when the *chamade* was beat, and the corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts—Heaven! Earth! Sea!——but what avails apoſtrophes?——with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded ſo intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happineſs for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due weſt for a week or ten days together, which detained the *Flanders* mail, and kept them ſo long in torture,—but ſtill 'twas the torture of the happy——In this track, I ſay, did my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* move for many

years, every year of which, and ſometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding ſome new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened freſh ſprings of delight in carrying them on.

The firſt year's campaign was carried on from beginning to end, in the plain and ſimple method I've related.

In the ſecond year, in which my uncle *Toby* took *Liege* and *Ruremond*, he thought he might afford the expence of four handſome draw-bridges, of two of which I have given an exact deſcription, in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the ſame year he added a couple of gates with port-culliſes:——Theſe laſt were converted afterwards into orgues, as the better thing; and during the winter of the ſame year, my uncle *Toby*, inſtead of a new ſuit of clothes, which he always had at *Chriſtmas*, treated himſelf with a handſome ſentry-box, to ſtand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and

the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an eſplanade for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

——The ſentry-box was in caſe of rain.

All theſe were painted white three times over the enſuing ſpring, which enabled my uncle *Toby* to take the field with great ſplendour.

My father would often ſay to *Yorick*, that if any mortal in the whole univerſe had done ſuch a thing, except his brother *Toby*, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the moſt refined ſatires upon the parade and prancing manner, in which *Lewis* XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field ——But 'tis not my brother *Toby*'s nature, kind ſoul! my father would add, to inſult any one.

——But let us go on.

CHAP. LXVI.

I MUST obſerve, that although in the firſt year's campaign, the word *town* is often mentioned,—yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the ſummer following the ſpring in which the bridges and ſentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my uncle *Toby*'s campaigns,—when upon his taking *Amberg*, *Bonn*, and *Rhinberg*, and *Huy* and *Limbourg*, one after another, a thought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of taking ſo many towns, *without one* TOWN *to ſhow for it*,—was a very nonſenſical way of going to work, and ſo propoſed to my uncle *Toby*, that they ſhould have a little model of a town built for them,—to be run up together of ſlit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon to ſerve for all.

My uncle *Toby* felt the good of the project inſtantly, and inſtantly agreed to

it, but with the addition of two ſingular improvements, of which he was almoſt as proud, as if he had been the original inventor of the project itſelf.

The one was to have the town built exactly in the ſtyle of thoſe, of which it was moſt likely to be the repreſentative: —— with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houſes, facing the ſtreets, &c. &c.—as thoſe in *Ghent* and *Bruges*, and the reſt of the towns in *Brabant* and *Flanders*.

The other was, not to have the houſes run up together, as the corporal propoſed, but to have every houſe independent, to hook on, or off, ſo as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleaſed. This was put directly into hand, and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my uncle *Toby* and the corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

——It anſwered prodigiouſly the next ſummer——the town was a perfect *Proteus*——It was *Landen*, and *Trerebach*, and *Santvliet*, and *Druſen*, and *Hagenau*,

—and then it was *Oſtend* and *Menin*, and *Aeth* and *Dendermond*.——

——Surely never did any TOWN act ſo many parts, ſince *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, as my uncle *Toby*'s town did.

In the fourth year, my uncle *Toby* thinking a town looked fooliſhly without a church, added a very fine one with a ſteeple.——*Trim* was for having bells in it;——my uncle *Toby* ſaid, the metal had better be caſt into cannon.

This led the way the next campaign for half a dozen braſs field pieces, to be planted three and three on each ſide of my uncle *Toby*'s ſentry-box; and in a ſhort time, theſe led the way for a train of ſomewhat larger,—and ſo on—(as muſt always be the caſe in hobby-horſical affairs) from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at laſt to my father's jack boots.

The next year, which was that in which *Liſle* was beſieged, and at the cloſe of which both *Ghent* and *Bruges* fell into our hands,—my uncle *Toby* was ſadly put to it for *proper* ammunition;——I ſay proper ammunition——be-

cause his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the *Shandy* family they would not——For ſo full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the ſiege, of the inceſſant firings kept up by the beſiegers,——and ſo heated was my uncle *Toby*'s imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly ſhot away all his eſtate.

SOMETHING therefore was wanting, as a *ſuccedaneum*, eſpecially in one or two of the more violent paroxyſms of the ſiege, to keep up ſomething like a continual firing in the imagination,—— and this *ſomething*, the corporal, whoſe principal ſtrength lay in invention, ſupplied by an entire new ſyſtem of battering of his own,—without which, this had been objected to by military critics, to the end of the world, as one of the great *deſiderata* of my uncle *Toby*'s apparatus.

This will not be explained the worſe, for ſetting off, as I generally do, at a little diſtance from the ſubject.

CHAP. LXVII.

WITH two or three other trinkets, ſmall in themſelves, but of great regard, which poor *Tom*, the corporal's unfortunate brother, had ſent him over, with the account of his marriage with the *Jew*'s widow—— there was

A *Montero*-cap and two *Turkiſh* tobacco-pipes.

The *Montero*-cap I ſhall deſcribe by and bye.——The *Turkiſh* tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in them, they were fitted up and ornamented as uſual, with flexible tubes of *Morocco* leather and gold wire, and mounted at their ends, the one of them with ivory,—the other with black ebony, tipp'd with ſilver.

My father, who ſaw all things in lights different from the reſt of the world, would ſay to the corporal, that he ought to look upon theſe two preſents more as tokens of his brother's nicety,

than his affection.——*Tom* did not care, *Trim*, he would ſay, to put on the cap, or to ſmoak in the tobacco-pipe of a *Jew*.——God bleſs your honour, the corporal would ſay (giving a ſtrong reaſon to the contrary)—how can that be?

The Montero-cap was ſcarlet, of a ſuperfine *Spaniſh* cloth, died in grain, and mounted all round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, ſlightly embroidered,—and ſeemed to have been the property of a *Portugueſe* quarter-maſter, not of foot, but of horſe, as the word denotes.

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for its own ſake, as the ſake of the giver, ſo ſeldom or never put it on but upon GALA-days; and yet never was a Montero-cap put to ſo many uſes; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the corporal was ſure he was in the right,—it was either his *oath*,—his *wager*,—or his *gift*.

——'Twas his gift in the preſent caſe.

I'll be bound, ſaid the corporal, ſpeaking to himſelf, to *give* away my Monſtero-cap to the firſt beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his honour's ſatisfaction.

The completion was no further off, than the very next morning; which was that of the ſtorm of the counterſcarp betwixt the *Lower Deule*, to the right, and the gate St. *Andrew*,—and on the left, between St. *Magdalen*'s and the river.

As this was the moſt memorable attack in the whole war,—the moſt gallant and obſtinate on both ſides,—and I muſt add the moſt bloody too, for it coſt the allies themſelves that morning above eleven hundred men,—my uncle *Toby* prepared himſelf for it with a more than ordinary ſolemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my uncle *Toby* went to bed, he ordered his ramallié wig, which had laid inſide out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which ſtood by his bedſide, to be taken out and laid upon

the lid of it, ready for the morning;—and the very firſt thing he did in his ſhirt, when he had ſtepped out of bed, my uncle *Toby*, after he had turned the rough ſide outwards,—put it on:—— This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waiſt-band, he forthwith buckled on his ſword belt, and had got his ſword half way in, —when he conſidered he ſhould want ſhaving, and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his ſword on,—ſo took it off:——In aſſaying to put on his regimental coat and waiſtcoat, my uncle *Toby* found the ſame objection in his wig,—ſo that went off too:—So that what with one thing and what with another, as always falls out when a man is in the moſt haſte,—'twas ten o'clock, which was half an hour later than his uſual time, before my uncle *Toby* ſallied out.

CHAP. LXVIII.

MY uncle *Toby* had ſcarce turned the corner of his yew hedge, which ſeparated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the corporal had began the attack without him.——

Let me ſtop and give you a picture of the corporal's apparatus; and of the corporal himſelf in the height of this attack, juſt as it ſtruck my uncle *Toby*, as he turned towards the ſentry-box, where the corporal was at work,——for in nature there is not ſuch another,—— nor can any combination of all that is groteſque and whimſical in her works produce its equal.

The corporal———

——Tread lightly on his aſhes, ye men of genius,——for he was your kinſman:

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodneſs,—for he was your brother.— Oh corporal! had I thee, but now,—

now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cheriſh thee! thou ſhould'ſt wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchaſe thee a couple like it:——But alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this in ſpite of their reverences—the occaſion is loſt—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled up to the ſtars from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open veſſels, compreſſed into a *clod of the valley!*

——But what——what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military enſigns of thy maſter—the firſt—the foremoſt of created beings;——where, I ſhall ſee thee, faithful ſervant! laying his ſword and ſcabbard with a trembling hand acroſs his coffin, and then returning pale as aſhes to the door, to take his mourning horſe by the bridle, to follow his hearſe, as he directed thee;——where—all my father's ſyſtems ſhall

be baffled by his ſorrows; and, in ſpite of his philoſophy, I ſhall behold him, as he inſpects the lackered plate, twice taking his ſpectacles from off his noſe, to wipe away the dew which nature has ſhed upon them——When I ſee him caſt in the roſemary with an air of diſconſolation, which cries through my ears, ——O *Toby!* in what corner of the world ſhall I ſeek thy fellow?

——Gracious powers! which erſt have opened the lips of the dumb in his diſtreſs, and made the tongue of the ſtammerer ſpeak plain——when I ſhall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a ſtinted hand.

CHAP. LXIX.

THE corporal, who the night before had reſolved in his mind to ſupply the grand *deſideratum*, of keeping up ſomething like an inceſſant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack,—had no further idea in his fancy

at that time, than a contrivance of ſmoke-ing tobacco againſt the town, out of one of my uncle *Toby*'s ſix field-pieces, which were planted on each ſide of his ſentry-box; the means of effecting which occurring to his fancy at the ſame time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miſcarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, and that, a little in his mind, he ſoon began to find out, that by means of his two *Turkiſh* tobacco-pipes, with the ſupplement of three ſmaller tubes of waſh-leather at each of their lower ends, to be tagg'd by the ſame number of tin pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and ſealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed ſilk at their ſeveral inſertions into the *Morocco* tube,—he ſhould be able to fire the ſix field-pieces all together, and with the ſame eaſe as to fire one.———

——Let no man ſay from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out for

the advancement of human knowledge. Let no man who has read my father's firſt and ſecond *beds of juſtice*, ever riſe up and ſay again, from colliſion of what kinds of bodies, light may, or may not be ſtruck out, to carry the arts and ſciences up to perfection.——Heaven! thou knoweſt how I love them;——thou knoweſt the ſecrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my ſhirt ——Thou art a fool, *Shandy*, ſays *Eugenius*,—for thou haſt but a dozen in the world,—and 'twill break thy ſet.——

No matter for that, *Eugenius*; I would give the ſhirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it only to ſatisfy one feveriſh enquirer, how many ſparks at one good ſtroke, a good flint and ſteel could ſtrike into the tail of it.—— Think ye not that in ſtriking theſe *in*,—he might, peradventure, ſtrike ſomething *out?* as ſure as a gun.——

——But this project, by the bye.

The corporal ſat up the beſt part of the night in bringing *his* to perfection;

and having made a ſufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco,—he went with contentment to bed.

CHAP. LXX.

THE corporal had ſlipped out about ten minutes before my uncle *Toby*, in order to fix his apparatus, and juſt give the enemy a ſhot or two before my uncle *Toby* came.

He had drawn the ſix field-pieces for this end, all cloſe up together in front of my uncle *Toby*'s ſentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the ſake poſſibly of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the ſentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wiſely taken his poſt:——He

held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand,—and the ebony pipe tipp'd with ſilver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other ——and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his montero-cap upon his head, furiouſly playing off his two croſs batteries at the ſame time againſt the counterguard, which faced the counterſcarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His firſt intention, as I ſaid, was no more than giving the enemy a ſingle puff or two;—but the pleaſure of the *puffs*, as well as the *puffing*, had inſenſibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my uncle *Toby* joined him.

'Twas well for my father, that my uncle *Toby* had not his will to make that day.

CHAP. LXXI.

My uncle *Toby* took the ivory pipe out of the corporal's hand,—looked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In leſs than two minutes my uncle *Toby* took the pipe from the corporal again, and raiſed it half way to his mouth ——then haſtily gave it back a ſecond time.

The corporal redoubled the attack, ——my uncle *Toby* ſmiled,——then looked grave,——then ſmiled for a moment,——then looked ſerious for a long time;——Give me hold of the ivory pipe, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——my uncle *Toby* put it to his lips,——drew it back directly,——gave a peep over the horn-beam hedge;——never did my uncle *Toby*'s mouth water ſo much for a pipe in his life.——My uncle *Toby* retired into the ſentry-box with the pipe in his hand.———

——Dear uncle *Toby!* don't go into the ſentry-box with the pipe,—there's no truſting a man's ſelf with ſuch a thing in ſuch a corner.

CHAP. LXXII.

I BEG the reader will aſſiſt me here, to wheel off my uncle *Toby*'s ordnance behind the ſcenes,——to remove his ſentry-box, and clear the theatre, *if poſſible*, of horn-works and half moons, and get the reſt of his military apparatus out of the way;——that done, my dear friend *Garrick*, we'll ſnuff the candles bright,—ſweep the ſtage with a new broom,—draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle *Toby* dreſſed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act: and yet, if pity be a-kin to love,—and bravery no alien to it, you have ſeen enough of my uncle *Toby* in theſe, to trace theſe family likeneſſes, betwixt the two paſſions (in caſe there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain ſcience! thou aſſiſteſt us in no caſe of this kind—and thou puzzleſt us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my uncle *Toby*, a ſingleneſs of heart which miſled him ſo far out of the little ſerpentine tracks in which things of this nature uſually go on; you can—you can have no conception of it: with this, there was a plainneſs and ſimplicity of thinking, with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of woman;——and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſtand before you, (when a ſiege was out of his head) that you might have ſtood behind any one of your ſerpentine walks, and ſhot my uncle *Toby* ten times in a day, through his liver, if nine times in a day, Madam, had not ſerved your purpoſe.

With all this, Madam,—and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my uncle *Toby* had that unparalleled modeſty of nature I once told you of, and which, by the bye, ſtood eternal ſentry upon his feelings, that

you might as ſoon——But where am I going? theſe reflections croud in upon me ten pages at leaſt too ſoon, and take up that time, which I ought to beſtow upon facts.

CHAP. LXXIII.

OF the few legitimate ſons of *Adam*, whoſe breaſts never felt what the ſting of love was,—(maintaining firſt, all myſogyniſts to be baſtards)—the greateſt heroes of ancient and modern ſtory have carried off amongſt them, nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wiſh for their ſakes I had the key of my ſtudy out of my draw-well, only for five minutes, to tell you their names—recollect them I cannot—ſo be content to accept of theſe, for the preſent, in their ſtead.———

There was the great king *Aldrovandus*, and *Boſphorus*, and *Cappadocius*, and *Dardanus*, and *Pontus*, and *Aſius*,——to ſay nothing of the iron-hearted *Charles* the XIIth, whom the Counteſs of K*****

herſelf could make nothing of.—— There was *Babylonicus*, and *Mediterraneus*, and *Peloponnes*, and *Perſicus*, and *Pruſicus*, not one of whom (except *Capadocius* and *Pontus*, who were both a little ſuſpected) ever once bowed down his breaſt to the goddeſs——The truth is, they had all of them ſomething elſe to do—and ſo had my uncle *Toby*—till Fate—till Fate I ſay, envying his name the glory of being handed down to poſterity with *Aldrovandus*'s and the reſt,—ſhe baſely patched up the peace of *Utrecht*.

——Believe me, Sirs, 'twas the worſt deed ſhe did that year.

CHAP. LXXIV.

AMONGST the many ill conſequences of the treaty of *Utrecht*, it was within a point of giving my uncle *Toby* a ſurfeit of ſieges; and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet *Calais* itſelf left not a deeper ſcar in *Mary*'s heart, than *Utrecht* upon my uncle *Toby*'s. To the end of his life he

never could hear *Utrecht* mentioned upon any account whatever,—or ſo much as read an article of news extracted out of the *Utrecht Gazette*, without fetching a ſigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MOTIVE-MONGER, and conſequently a very dangerous perſon for a man to ſit by, either laughing or crying,—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourſelf—would always conſole my uncle *Toby* upon theſe occaſions, in a way, which ſhewed plainly, he imagined my uncle *Toby* grieved for nothing in the whole affair, ſo much as the loſs of his *hobby-horſe*.——Never mind, brother *Toby*, he would ſay,—by God's bleſſing we ſhall have another war break out again ſome of theſe days; and when it does,—the belligerent powers, if they would hang themſelves, cannot keep us out of play.——I defy 'em, my dear *Toby*, he would add, to take countries without taking towns,——or towns without ſieges.

My uncle *Toby* never took this back-ſtroke of my father's at his hobby-horſe kindly.——He thought the ſtroke ungenerous; and the more ſo, becauſe in ſtriking the horſe, he hit the rider too, and in the moſt diſhonourable part a blow could fall; ſo that upon theſe occaſions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himſelf than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my uncle *Toby* was not eloquent; and in the very ſame page gave an inſtance to the contrary:——I repeat the obſervation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent,—it was not eaſy to my uncle *Toby* to make long harangues,—and he hated florid ones; but there were occaſions where the ſtream overflowed the man, and ran ſo counter to its uſual courſe, that in ſome parts my uncle *Toby*, for a time, was at leaſt equal to *Tertullus*——but in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was ſo highly pleaſed with one of theſe apologetical orations of my

uncle *Toby*'s, which he had delivered one evening before him and *Yorick*, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongſt my father's papers, with here and there an inſertion of his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [ ], and is endorſed,

MY BROTHER TOBY'S JUSTIFICATION OF HIS OWN PRINCIPLES AND CONDUCT IN WISHING TO CONTINUE THE WAR.

I may ſafely ſay, I have read over this apologetical oration of my uncle *Toby*'s a hundred times, and think it ſo fine a model of defence,—and ſhews ſo ſweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word (interlineations and all), as I find it.

CHAP. LXXV.

MY UNCLE TOBY'S APOLOGETICAL ORATION.

I AM not inſenſible, brother *Shandy*, that when a man, whoſe profeſſion is arms, wiſhes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aſpect to the world; ——and that, how juſt and right ſoever his motives and intentions may be,—he ſtands in an uneaſy poſture in vindicating himſelf from private views in doing it.

For this cauſe, if a ſoldier is a prudent man, which he may be, without being a jot the leſs brave, he will be ſure not to utter his wiſh in the hearing of an enemy; for ſay what he will, an enemy will not believe him.——He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—leſt he may ſuffer in his eſteem:——But if his heart is overcharged, and a ſecret ſigh for arms muſt have its vent, he will reſerve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, diſpoſitions,

and principles of honour are: What, I *hope*, I have been in all theſe, brother *Shandy*, would be unbecoming in me to ſay:——much worſe, I know, have I been than I ought,—and ſomething worſe, perhaps, than I think: But ſuch as I am, you, my dear brother *Shandy*, who have ſucked the ſame breaſts with me,—and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle,—and from whoſe knowledge, from the firſt hours of our boyiſh paſtimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and ſcarce a thought in it——Such as I am, brother, you muſt by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weakneſſes too, whether of my age, my temper, my paſſions, or my underſtanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother *Shandy*, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of *Utrecht*, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you ſhould think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that in wiſhing for war, he

ſhould be bad enough to wiſh more of his fellow-creatures ſlain,—more ſlaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleaſure:——Tell me, brother *Shandy*, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it? [*The devil a deed do I know of, dear* Toby, *but one for a hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on theſe curſed ſieges.*]

If, when I was a ſchool-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault?——Did I plant the propenſity there?——did I ſound the alarm within, or Nature?

When *Guy*, Earl of *Warwick*, and *Pariſmus* and *Pariſmenus*, and *Valentine* and *Orſon*, and the *Seven Champions of England* were handed around the ſchool,—were they not all purchaſed with my own pocket-money? Was that ſelfiſh, brother *Shandy?* When we read over the ſiege of *Troy*, which laſted ten years and eight months,——though with ſuch a train of artillery as we had at *Namur*, the town might have been carried in a

week—was I not as much concerned for the deſtruction of the *Greeks* and *Trojans* as any boy of the whole ſchool? Had I not three ſtrokes of a ferula given me, two on my right hand and one on my left, for calling *Helena* a bitch for it? Did any one of you ſhed more tears for *Hector?* And when king *Priam* came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to *Troy* without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.———

——Did that beſpeak me cruel? Or becauſe, brother *Shandy*, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the diſtreſſes of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a ſoldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to ſcatter cypreſs.——[*Who told thee, my dear* Toby, *that cypreſs was uſed by the antients on mournful occaſions?*]

——'Tis one thing, brother *Shandy*, for a ſoldier to hazard his own life—to leap firſt down into the trench, where he is ſure to be cut in pieces:——'Tis one

thing, from public ſpirit and a thirſt of glory, to enter the breach the firſt man, —To ſtand in the foremoſt rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears: ——'Tis one thing, I ſay, brother *Shandy*, to do this—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miſeries of war; —to view the deſolations of whole countries, and conſider the intolerable fatigues and hardſhips which the ſoldier himſelf, the inſtrument who works them, is forced (for ſix-pence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear *Yorick*, as I was by you, in *Le Fever*'s funeral ſermon, *That ſo ſoft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindneſs, as man is, was not ſhaped for this?*——But why did you not add, *Yorick*,—if not by NATURE—that he is ſo by NECESSITY? ——For what is war? what is it, *Yorick*, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *liberty*, and upon principles of *honour*—— what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmleſs people,

with their ſwords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds? And heaven is my witneſs, brother *Shandy*, that the pleaſure I have taken in theſe things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my ſieges in my bowling-green, has aroſe within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the conſciouſneſs we both had, that in carrying them on, we were anſwering the great ends of our creation.

CHAP. LXXVI.

I TOLD the Chriſtian reader——I ſay *Chriſtian*——hoping he is one——and if he is not, I am ſorry for it——and only beg he will conſider the matter with himſelf, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book——

I told him, Sir——for in good truth, when a man is telling a ſtory in the ſtrange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the

reader's fancy——which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at firſt, there is ſo much unfixed and equivocal matter ſtarting up, with ſo many breaks and gaps in it,—and ſo little ſervice do the ſtars afford, which, nevertheleſs, I hang up in ſome of the darkeſt paſſages, knowing that the world is apt to loſe its way, with all the lights the ſun itſelf, at noon-day can give it——and now, you ſee, I am loſt myſelf!———

——But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be diſſected, you will perceive, without ſpectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you ſometimes ſee in an unſaleable piece of cambrick, running along the whole length of the web, and ſo untowardly, you cannot ſo much as cut out a * *, (here I hang up a couple of lights again) ——or a fillet, or a thumb-ſtall, but it is ſeen or felt.———

Quanto id diligentias in liberis procreandis cavendum, ſayeth *Cardan*. All which being conſidered, and that you ſee 'tis

morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I ſet out———

I begin the chapter over again.

CHAP. LXXVII.

I TOLD the Chriſtian reader in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my uncle *Toby*'s apologetical oration,—though in a different trope from what I ſhall make uſe of now, That the peace of *Utrecht* was within an ace of creating the ſame ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle *Toby* and his hobby-horſe, as it did betwixt the queen and the reſt of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way in which a man ſometimes diſmounts his horſe, which as good as ſays to him, "I'll go "afoot, Sir, all the days of my life, "before I would ride a ſingle mile upon "your back again." Now my uncle *Toby* could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe in this manner; for in ſtrictneſs of language, he could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe at all——his horſe ra-

ther flung him——and ſomewhat *vi-ciouſly*, which made my uncle *Toby* take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be ſettled by ſtate jockies as they like.——It created, I ſay, a ſort of ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle *Toby* and his hobby-horſe.——He had no occaſion for him from the month of *March* to *November*, which was the ſummer after the articles were ſigned, except it was now and then to take a ſhort ride out, juſt to ſee that the fortifications and harbour of *Dunkirk* were demoliſhed, according to ſtipulation.

The *French* were ſo backwards all that ſummer in ſetting about that affair, and Monſieur *Tugghe*, the deputy from the magiſtrates of *Dunkirk*, preſented ſo many affecting petitions to the queen,—beſeeching her majeſty to cauſe only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works, which might have incurred her diſpleaſure,—but to ſpare—to ſpare the mole, for the mole's ſake; which, in its naked ſituation, could be no more than an object of pity——and the queen (who was

but a woman) being of a pitiful diſpoſition,—and her miniſters alſo, they not wiſhing in their hearts to have the town diſmantled, for theſe private reaſons, *——

* *; ſo that the whole went heavily on with my uncle *Toby*; inſomuch, that it was not within three full months, after he and the corporal had conſtructed the town, and put it in a condition to be deſtroyed, that the ſeveral commandants, commiſſaries, deputies, negociators, and intendants, would permit him to ſet about it.——Fatal interval of inactivity!

The corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts, or main fortifications of the town——No,—that will never do, corporal, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, for in going that way to work with the town, the *Engliſh* garriſon will not be ſafe in it an hour; becauſe if the *French* are treache-

rous——They are as treacherous as devils, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal——It gives me concern always when I hear it, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—for they don't want perſonal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themſelves maſters of the place when they pleaſe:——Let them enter it, ſaid the corporal, lifting up his pioneer's ſpade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it,—let them enter, an' pleaſe your honour, if they dare.——In caſes like this, corporal, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſlipping his right hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wiſe, with his fore-finger extended, ——'tis no part of the conſideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare,—or what they dare not do; he muſt act with prudence. We will begin with the outworks both towards the ſea and the land, and particularly with fort *Louis*, the moſt diſtant of them all, and demoliſh it firſt,—and the reſt, one by one,

both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town;——then we'll demoliſh the mole,—next fill up the harbour,—then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the air; and having done that, corporal, we'll embark for *England*.——We are there, quoth the corporal, recollecting himſelf——Very true, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—looking at the church.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

A DELUSIVE, delicious conſultation or two of this kind, betwixt my uncle *Toby* and *Trim*, upon the demolition of *Dunkirk*,—for a moment rallied back the ideas of thoſe pleaſures, which were ſlipping from under him:——ſtill—ſtill all went on heavily——the magic left the mind the weaker—STILLNESS, with SILENCE at her back, entered the ſolitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my uncle *Toby*'s head;——and LISTLESSNESS, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, ſat quietly down beſide him

in his arm-chair.——No longer *Amberg*, and *Rhinberg*, and *Limbourg*, and *Huy*, and *Bonn*, in one year,—and the proſpect of *Landen*, and *Trerebach*, and *Druſen*, and *Dendermond*, the next,—hurried on the blood:—No longer did ſaps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and paliſadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repoſe:——No more could my uncle *Toby*, after paſſing the *French* lines, as he eat his egg at ſupper, from thence break into the heart of *France*,—croſs over the *Oyes*, and with all *Picardie* open behind him, march up to the gates of *Paris*, and fall aſleep with nothing but ideas of glory:——No more was he to dream, he had fixed the royal ſtandard upon the tower of the *Baſtile*, and awake with it ſtreaming in his head.

——Softer viſions,—gentler vibrations ſtole ſweetly in upon his ſlumbers;—the trumpet of war fell out of his hands,—he took up the lute, ſweet inſtrument! of all others the moſt delicate! the moſt difficult!——how wilt thou touch it, my dear uncle *Toby*?

CHAP. LXXIX.

NOw, becauſe I have once or twice ſaid, in my inconſiderate way of talking, That I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle *Toby*'s courtſhip of widow *Wadman*, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the moſt complete ſyſtems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addreſſed to the world——are you to imagine from thence, that I ſhall ſet out with a deſcription of *what love is?* whether part God and part Devil, as *Plotinus* will have it——

——Or by a more critical equation, and ſuppoſing the whole of love to be as ten——to determine with *Ficinus*, "*How many parts of it—the one,—and* "*how many the other*;"—or whether it is *all of it one great Devil*, from head to tail, as *Plato* has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I ſhall not offer my opinion:

—but my opinion of *Plato* is this; that he appears, from this inſtance, to have been a man of much the ſame temper and way of reaſoning with doctor *Baynard*, who being a great enemy to bliſters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em on at once, would draw a man as ſurely to his grave, as a herſe and ſix—raſhly concluded, that the Devil himſelf was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing *Cantharidis*.———

I have nothing to ſay to people who allow themſelves this monſtrous liberty in arguing, but what *Nazianzen* cried out *(that is polemically)* to *Philagrius*——

"Ευγε!" *O rare! 'tis fine reaſoning, Sir, indeed!*—"ὅτι φιλοσοφεῖς ἐν Παἰθεσι" —*and moſt nobly do you aim at truth, when you philoſophize about it in your moods and paſſions.*

Nor is it to be imagined, for the ſame reaſon, I ſhould ſtop to enquire, whether love is a diſeaſe,—— or embroil myſelf with *Rhaſis* and *Dioſcorides*, whether the ſeat of it is in the brain or liver;—becauſe this would lead me on, to an

examination of the two very oppoſite manners, in which patients have been treated——the one, of *Aætius*, who always begun with a cooling clyſter of hempſeed and bruiſed cucumbers;—and followed on with thin potations of water-lillies and purſlane—to which he added a pinch of ſnuff, of the herb *Hanea*;—and where *Aætius* durſt venture it,—his topaz-ring.

——The other, that of *Gordonius*, who (in his cap. 15. *de Amore*) directs they ſhould be thraſhed, "*ad putorem uſque*,"——till they ſtink again.

Theſe are diſquiſitions, which my father, who had laid in a great ſtock of knowledge of this kind, will be very buſy with, in the progreſs of my uncle *Toby*'s affairs: I muſt anticipate thus much, That from his theories of love, (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my uncle *Toby*'s mind, almoſt as much as his amours themſelves)—he took a ſingle ſtep into practice;—and by means of a camphorated cerecloth, which he found means to impoſe upon

the taylor for buckram, whilſt he was making my uncle *Toby* a new pair of breeches, he produced *Gordonius*'s effect upon my uncle *Toby* without the diſgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in its proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this, ——That whatever effect it had upon my uncle *Toby*,——it had a vile effect upon the houſe;——and if my uncle *Toby* had not ſmoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAP. LXXX.

——'TWILL come out of itſelf by and bye.——All I contend for is, that I am not obliged to ſet out with a definition of what love is; and ſo long as I can go on with my ſtory intelligibly, with the help of the word itſelf, without any other idea to it, than what I have in common with the reſt of the world, why ſhould I differ from it a

world, more concupiſcible than widow *Wadman*.

CHAP. LXXXI.

To conceive this right,—call for pen and ink—here's paper ready to your hand.——Sit down, Sir, paint her to your own mind——as like your miſtreſs as you can——as unlike your wife as your conſcience will let you—'tis all one to me——pleaſe but your own fancy in it.

——— Was ever any thing in Nature ſo ſweet!—ſo exquiſite!

—— Then, dear Sir, how could my uncle *Toby* reſiſt it?

Thrice happy book! thou wilt have one page, at leaſt, within thy covers, which MALICE will not blacken, and which IGNORANCE cannot miſrepreſent.

CHAP. LXXXII.

As *Suſannah* was informed by an expreſs from Mrs. *Bridget*, of my uncle *Toby*'s falling in love with her miſtreſs fifteen days before it happened, —the contents of which expreſs, *Suſannah* communicated to my mother the next day,—it has juſt given me an opportunity of entering upon my uncle *Toby*'s amours a fortnight before their exiſtence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr. *Shandy*, quoth my mother, which will ſurpriſe you greatly.———

Now my father was then holding one of his ſecond beds of juſtice, and was muſing within himſelf about the hardſhips of matrimony, as my mother broke ſilence.———

"——My brother *Toby*, quoth ſhe, "is going to be married to Mrs. *Wad-*"*man.*"

——Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to lie *diagonally* in his bed again as long as he lives.

It was a conſuming vexation to my father, that my mother never aſked the meaning of a thing ſhe did not underſtand.

——That ſhe is not a woman of ſcience, my father would ſay—is her misfortune—but ſhe might aſk a queſtion.—

My mother never did.——In ſhort, ſhe went out of the world at laſt without knowing whether it turned *round*, or ſtood *ſtill*.——My father had officiouſly told her above a thouſand times which way it was,—but ſhe always forgot.

For theſe reaſons, a diſcourſe ſeldom went on much further betwixt them,

than a propoſition,—a reply, and a rejoinder; at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes (as in the affair of the breeches), and then went on again.

If he marries, 'twill be the worſe for us,—quoth my mother.

Not a cherry-ſtone, ſaid my father,—he may as well batter away his means upon that, as any thing elſe.

——To be ſure, ſaid my mother: ſo here ended the propoſition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder, I told you of.

It will be ſome amuſement to him, too,——ſaid my father.

A very great one, anſwered my mother, if he ſhould have children.——

——Lord have mercy upon me,—ſaid my father to himſelf—— * * *

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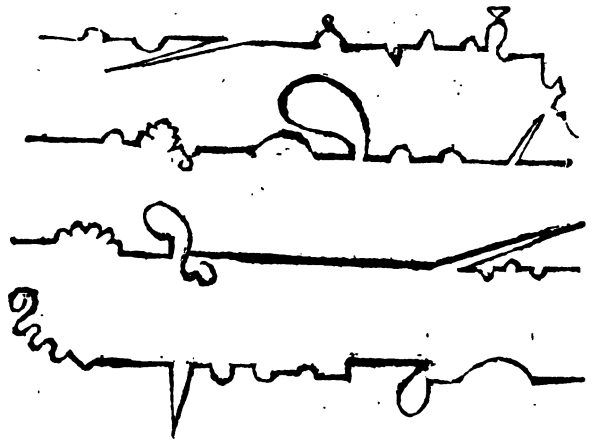
CHAP. LXXXIII.

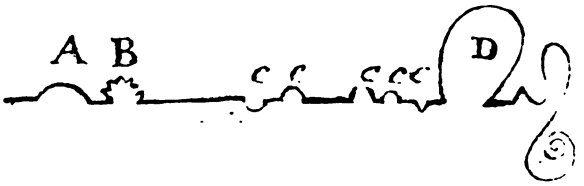
I AM now beginning to get fairly into my work; and by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold ſeeds, I make no doubt but I ſhall be able to go on with my uncle *Toby*'s ſtory, and my own, in a tolerable ſtraight line. Now,



Inv. T. S. *Scul. T. S.*

Theſe were the four lines I moved in through my firſt, ſecond, third, and

fourth volumes*.——In the fifth volume I have been very good,——the preciſe line I have deſcribed in it being this:



By which it appears, that except at the curve, marked A. where I took a trip to *Navarre*,—and the indented curve B. which is the ſhort airing when I was there with the Lady *Bauſſiere* and her page,—I have not taken the leaſt friſk of a digreſſion, till *John de la Caſſe*'s devils led me the round you ſee marked D.—for as for *c c c c c* they are nothing but parentheſes, and the common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greateſt miniſters of ſtate; and when compared with what men have done,—or with my own tranſgreſſions at the letters A B D—they vaniſh into nothing.

In this laſt volume I have done better ſtill—for from the end of *Le Fever*'s

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

epiſode, to the beginning of my uncle *Toby*'s campaigns,—I have ſcarce ſtepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impoſſible——by the good leave of his grace of *Benevento*'s devils——but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus;

---

which is a line drawn as ſtraight as I could draw it, by a writing-maſter's ruler (borrowed for that purpoſe), turning neither to the right hand or to the left.

This *right line*,—the path-way for Chriſtians to walk in! ſay divines——

——The emblem of moral rectitude! ſays *Cicero*——

——The *beſt line!* ſay cabbage-planters——is the ſhorteſt line, ſays *Archimedes*, which can be drawn from one given point to another.——

I wiſh your ladyſhips would lay this matter to heart, in your next birth-day ſuits!

——What a journey!

Pray can you tell me,—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon ſtraight lines——by what miſtake ——who told them ſo——or how it has come to paſs, that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line, with the line of GRAVITATION?

CHAP. LXXXIV.

NO——I think, I ſaid, I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worſe than the devil, would but give me leave—and in another place—(but where, I can't recollect now) ſpeaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down croſs-wiſe upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it—I ſwore it ſhould be kept a going at that rate theſe forty years, if it pleaſed but the fountain of life to bleſs me ſo long with health and good ſpirits.

Now as for my ſpirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay ſo very little (unleſs the mounting me upon a long ſtick, and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accuſations) that on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for: cheerily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burthens of it (except its cares) upon my back; in no one moment of my exiſtence, that I remember, have ye once deſerted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with ſable, or with a ſickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when DEATH himſelf knocked at my door—ye bad him come again; and in ſo gay a tone of careleſs indifference, did ye do it, that he doubted of his commiſſion——

" —There muſt certainly be ſome " miſtake in this matter," quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worſe, than to be interrupted in a ſtory——and I was that moment telling *Eugenius* a moſt tawdry one in my way, of a nun who fancied herſelf a

ſhell-fiſh, and of a monk damn'd for eating a muſcle, and was ſhewing him the grounds and juſtice of the procedure——

" —Did ever ſo grave a perſonage " get into ſo vile a ſcrape?" quoth Death. Thou haſt had a narrow eſcape, *Triſtram*, ſaid *Eugenius*, taking hold of my hand as I finiſh'd my ſtory——

But there is no *living*, *Eugenius*, replied I, at this rate; for as this *ſon of a whore* has found out my lodgings——

—You call him rightly, ſaid *Eugenius*, —for by ſin, we are told, he enter'd the world——I care not which way he enter'd, quoth I, provided he be not in ſuch a hurry to take me out with him—for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thouſand things to ſay and do, which no body in the world will ſay and do for me, except thyſelf; and as thou ſeeſt he has got me by the throat (for *Eugenius* could ſcarce hear me ſpeak acroſs the table), and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilſt theſe few ſcatter'd ſpirits remain,

and theſe two ſpider legs of mine (holding one of them up to him) are able to ſupport me—had I not better, *Eugenius*, fly for my life? 'Tis my advice, my dear *Triſtram*, ſaid *Eugenius*—Then by heaven! I will lead him a dance he little thinks of——for I will gallop, quoth I, without looking once behind me, to the banks of the *Garonne*; and if I hear him clattering at my heels——I'll ſcamper away to mount *Veſuvius*——from thence to *Joppa*, and from *Joppa* to the world's end; where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck——

—He runs more riſk *there*, ſaid *Eugenius*, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been ſome months baniſh'd——'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me to my chaiſe——*Allons!* ſaid I; the poſt-boy gave a crack with his whip——off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into *Dover*.

CHAP. LXXXV.

Now hang it! quoth I, as I look'd towards the *French* coaſt—a man ſhould know ſomething of his own country too, before he goes abroad—— and I never gave a peep into *Rocheſter* church, or took notice of the dock of *Chatham*, or viſited St. *Thomas* at *Canterbury*, though they all three laid in my way——

—But mine, indeed, is a particular caſe——

So without arguing the matter further with *Thomas o'Becket*, or any one elſe—I ſkip'd into the boat, and in five minutes we got under ſail, and ſcudded away like the wind.

Pray, captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, is a man never overtaken by *Death* in this paſſage?

Why, there is not time for a man to be ſick in it, replied he——What a curſed lyar! for I am ſick as a horſe, quoth I, already——what a brain!——upſide

down!——hey-dey! the cells are broke looſe one into another, and the blood, and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fix'd and volatile ſalts, are all jumbled into one maſs——good g—! every thing turns round in it like a thouſand whirlpools——I'd give a ſhilling to know if I ſhan't write the clearer for it——

Sick! ſick! ſick! ſick!——

—When ſhall we get to land? captain —they have hearts like ſtones——O I am deadly ſick!——reach me that thing, boy——'tis the moſt diſcomfiting ſickneſs——I wiſh I was at the bottom—Madam! how is it with you? Undone! undone! un—— O! undone! ſir—— What the firſt time?——No, 'tis the ſecond, third, ſixth, tenth time, ſir,—hey-dey—what a trampling over head! —hollo! cabin boy! what's the matter?—

The wind chopp'd about! s'Death!—then I ſhall meet him full in the face.

What luck!—'tis chopp'd about again, maſter——O the devil chop it——

Captain, quoth ſhe, for heaven's ſake, let us get aſhore.

CHAP. LXXXVI.

IT is a great inconvenience to a man in a haſte, that there are three diſtinct roads between *Calais* and *Paris*, in behalf of which there is ſo much to be ſaid by the ſeveral deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is eaſily loſt in ſettling which you'll take.

Firſt, the road by *Liſle* and *Arras*, which is the moſt about——but moſt intereſting, and inſtructing.

The ſecond that by *Amiens*, which you may go, if you would ſee *Chantilly*——

And that by *Beauvais*, which you may go, if you will.

For this reaſon a great many chuſe to go by *Beauvais*.

CHAP. LXXXVII.

"NOW before I quit *Calais*," a travel-writer would ſay, "it would "not be amiſs to give ſome account of

" it."—Now I think it very much amiſs —that a man cannot go quietly through a town, and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that he muſt be turning about and drawing his pen at every kennel he croſſes over, merely, o' my conſcience, for the ſake of drawing it; becauſe, if we may judge from what has been wrote of theſe things, by all who have *wrote and gallop'd*—or who have *gallop'd and wrote*, which is a different way ſtill; or who for more expedition than the reſt, have *wrote galloping*, which is the way I do at preſent——from the great *Addiſon*, who did it with his ſatchel of ſchool-books hanging at his a—, and galling his beaſt's crupper at every ſtroke —there is not a galloper of us all who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground (in caſe he had any), and have wrote all he had to write, dry-ſhod, as well as not.

For my own part, as heaven is my judge, and to which I ſhall ever make my laſt appeal—I know no more of *Calais* (except the little my barber told

me of it, as he was whetting his razor), than I do this moment of *Grand Cairo*; for it was duſky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I ſet out, and yet by merely knowing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by ſpelling and putting this and that together in another—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon *Calais* as long as my arm; and with ſo diſtinct and ſatisfactory a detail of every item, which is worth a ſtranger's curioſity in the town—that you would take me for the town-clerk of *Calais* itſelf—and where, ſir, would be the wonder? was not *Democritus*, who laughed ten times more than I—town-clerk of *Abdera?* and was not (I forget his name) who had more diſcretion than us both, town-clerk of *Epheſus?*—— it ſhould be penn'd moreover, ſir, with ſo much knowledge and good ſenſe, and truth, and preciſion——

—Nay—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

CHAP. LXXXVIII.

CALAIS, *Calatium, Caluſium, Caleſium.*

This town, if we may truſt its archives, the authority of which I ſee no reaſon to call in queſtion in this place—was *once* no more than a ſmall village belonging to one of the firſt Counts *de Guines*; and as it boaſts at preſent of no leſs than fourteen thouſand inhabitants, excluſive of four hundred and twenty diſtinct families in the *baſſe ville*, or ſuburbs——it muſt have grown up by little and little, I ſuppoſe, to its preſent ſize.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town; I had not an opportunity of taking its exact dimenſions, but it is pretty eaſy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em—for as there are fourteen thouſand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it muſt be conſiderably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another—it is built in form

of a croſs, and dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*; the ſteeple, which has a ſpire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and ſtands upon four pillars elegant and light enough, but ſufficiently ſtrong at the ſame time—it is decorated with eleven altars, moſt of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a maſter-piece in its kind; 'tis of white marble, and as I was told near ſixty feet high—had it been much higher, it had been as high as mount *Calvary* itſelf—therefore, I ſuppoſe it muſt be high enough in all conſcience.

There was nothing ſtruck me more than the great *Square*; tho' I cannot ſay 'tis either well paved or well built; but 'tis in the heart of the town, and moſt of the ſtreets, eſpecially thoſe in that quarter, all terminate in it; could there have been a fountain in all *Calais*, which it ſeems there cannot, as ſuch an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted, but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very center of this ſquare,—not that it is properly a ſquare,

—becauſe 'tis forty feet longer from eaſt to weſt, than from north to ſouth; ſo that the *French* in general have more reaſon on their ſide in calling them *Places* than *Squares*, which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, to be ſure they are not.

The town-houſe ſeems to be but a ſorry building, and not to be kept in the beſt repair; otherwiſe it had been a ſecond great ornament to this place; it anſwers however its deſtination, and ſerves very well for the reception of the magiſtrates, who aſſemble in it from time to time; ſo that 'tis preſumable, juſtice is regularly diſtributed.

I have heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the *Courgain*; 'tis a diſtinct quarter of the town, inhabited ſolely by ſailors and fiſhermen; it conſiſts of a number of ſmall ſtreets, neatly built, and moſtly of brick; 'tis extremely populous, but as that may be accounted for, from the principles of their diet—there is nothing curious in that neither.——A traveller may ſee it to ſatisfy himſelf—he muſt not omit how-

ever taking notice of *La Tour de Guet*, upon any account; 'tis ſo called from its particular deſtination, becauſe in war it ſerves to diſcover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by ſea or land;——but 'tis monſtrous high, and catches the eye ſo continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it, if you would.

It was a ſingular diſappointment to me, that I could not have permiſſion to take an exact ſurvey of the fortifications, which are the ſtrongeſt in the world, and which, from firſt to laſt, that is, from the time they were ſet about by *Philip* of *France*, Count of *Bologne*, to the preſent war, wherein many reparations were made, have coſt (as I learned afterwards from an engineer in *Gaſcony*)—above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable, that at the *Tête de Gravelenes*, and where the town is naturally the weakeſt, they have expended the moſt money; ſo that the outworks ſtretch a great way into the campaign, and conſequently occupy a large tract of ground.

—However, after all that is *ſaid* and *done*, it muſt be acknowledged that *Calais* was never upon any account ſo conſiderable from itſelf, as from its ſituation, and that eaſy entrance which it gave our anceſtors, upon all occaſions, into *France*: it was not without its inconveniencies alſo; being no leſs troubleſome to the *Engliſh* in thoſe times, than *Dunkirk* has been to us, in ours; ſo that it was deſervedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms, which no doubt is the reaſon that there have ariſen ſo many contentions who ſhould keep it: of theſe, the ſiege of *Calais*, or rather the blockade (for it was ſhut up both by land and ſea), was the moſt memorable, as it withſtood the efforts of *Edward* the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at laſt but by famine and extreme miſery; the gallantry of *Euſtace de St. Pierre*, who firſt offered himſelf a victim for his fellow-citizens, has rank'd his name with heroes. As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injuſtice to the reader, not to give him a

minute account of that romantic tranſaction, as well as of the ſiege itſelf, in *Rapin*'s own words:

CHAP. LXXXIX.

—BUT courage! gentle reader! ——I ſcorn it——'tis enough to have thee in my power——but to make uſe of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much——No——! by that all-powerful fire which warms the viſionary brain, and lights the ſpirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpleſs creature upon this hard ſervice, and make thee pay, poor ſoul! for fifty pages, which I have no right to ſell thee,——naked as I am, I would browſe upon the mountains, and ſmile that the north wind brought me neither my tent or my ſupper.

—So put on, my brave boy! and make the beſt of thy way to *Boulogne*.

CHAP. XC.

—BOULOGNE!——hah!—ſo we are all got together——debtors and ſinners before heaven; a jolly ſet of us—but I can't ſtay and quaff it off with you—I'm purſued myſelf like a hundred devils, and ſhall be overtaken, before I can well change horſes:——for heaven's ſake, make haſte——'Tis for high-treaſon, quoth a very little man, whiſpering as low as he could to a very tall man, that ſtood next him——Or elſe for murder; quoth the tall man——Well thrown, *Size-ace!* quoth I. No; quoth a third, the gentleman has been committing ——.

Ah! ma chere fille! ſaid I, as ſhe tripp'd by, from her matins—you look as roſy as the morning (for the ſun was riſing, and it made the compliment the more gracious)—No; it can't be that, quoth a fourth——(ſhe made a curt'ſy to me—I kiſs'd my hand) 'tis debt;

continued he: 'Tis certainly for debt; quoth a fifth; I would not pay that gentleman's debts, quoth *Ace*, for a thouſand pounds; nor would I, quoth *Size*, for ſix times the ſum—Well thrown, *Size-ace*, again! quoth I;—but I have no debt but the debt of NATURE, and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her——— How can you be ſo hard-hearted, MADAM, to arreſt a poor traveller going along without moleſtation to any one, upon his lawful occaſions? do ſtop that death-looking, long-ſtriding ſcoundrel of a ſcare-ſinner, who is poſting after me——he never would have followed me but for you——if it be but for a ſtage or two, juſt to give me ſtart of him, I beſeech you, madam———— do, dear lady——

——Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity, quoth mine *Iriſh* hoſt, that all this good courtſhip ſhould be loſt; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along.——

——Simpleton! quoth I.

——So you have nothing *elſe* in *Boulogne* worth ſeeing?

—By Jaſus! there is the fineſt SEMINARY for the HUMANITIES——

—There cannot be a finer; quoth I.

CHAP. XCI.

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wiſhes hurries on his ideas ninety times faſter than the vehicle he rides in —woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and its tackling (let 'em be made of what ſtuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the diſappointment of his ſoul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, "*the moſt haſte, the worſt ſpeed*," was all the reflection I made upon the affair, the firſt time it happen'd;—the ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it reſpectively to thoſe times, and accordingly blamed only the ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth poſt-boy for it, without car-

rying my reflections further; but the event continuing to befal me from the fifth, to the ſixth, ſeventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in theſe words;

That ſomething is always wrong in a French poſt-chaiſe, upon firſt ſetting out.

Or the propoſition may ſtand thus:

A French poſtilion has always to alight before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

What's wrong now?——Diable!——a rope's broke!——a knot has ſlipt!——a ſtaple's drawn!——a bolt's to whittle!——a tag, a rag, a jag, a ſtrap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want altering.——

Now true as all this is, I never think myſelf impower'd to excommunicate thereupon either the poſt-chaiſe, or its driver——nor do I take it into my head to ſwear by the living G—, I would rather go a-foot ten thouſand times——or that I will be damn'd, if ever I get into

another——but I take the matter coolly before me, and conſider, that ſome tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a wanting, or want altering, travel where I will—ſo I never chaff, but take the good and the bad, as they fall in my road, and get on:——Do ſo, my lad! ſaid I; he had loſt five minutes already, in alighting in order to get at a luncheon of black bread, which he had cramm'd into the chaiſe-pocket, and was re-mounted, and going leiſurely on, to reliſh it the better——Get on, my lad, ſaid I, briſkly—but in the moſt perſuaſive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four-and-twenty ſous piece againſt the glaſs, taking care to hold the flat ſide towards him, as he look'd back: the dog grinn'd intelligence from his right ear to his left, and behind his ſooty muzzle diſcover'd ſuch a pearly row of teeth, that *Sovereignty* would have pawn'd her jewels for them.——

Juſt heaven! { What maſticators!— / What bread!—

and ſo, as he finiſhed the laſt mouthful of it, we entered the town of *Montreuil.*

CHAP. XCII.

THERE is not a town in all *France*, which, in my opinion, looks better in the map, than MONTREUIL;——I own, it does not look ſo well in the book of poſt-roads; but when you come to ſee it—to be ſure it looks moſt pitifully.

There is one thing, however, in it at preſent very handſome; and that is the inn-keeper's daughter: She has been eighteen months at *Amiens*, and ſix at *Paris*, in going through her claſſes; ſo knits, and ſews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well.——

—A ſlut! in running them over within theſe five minutes that I have ſtood looking at her, ſhe has let fall at leaſt a dozen loops in a white thread ſtocking ——yes, yes—I ſee, you cunning gipſy! —'tis long and taper—you need not pin

it to your knee—and that 'tis your own—and fits you exactly.——

——That Nature ſhould have told this creature a word about a *ſtatue's thumb!*

—But as this ſample is worth all their thumbs——beſides, I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain, if they can be any guide to me,—and as *Janatone* withal (for that is her name) ſtands ſo well for a drawing——may I never draw more, or rather may I draw like a draught-horſe, by main ſtrength all the days of my life,—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determin'd a pencil, as if I had her in the wetteſt drapery.——

—But your worſhips chuſe rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great pariſh-church, or a drawing of the façade of the abbey of Saint *Auſtreberte* which has been tranſported from *Artois* hither—every thing is juſt I ſuppoſe as the maſons and carpenters left them,—and if the

belief in *Chriſt* continues ſo long, will be ſo theſe fifty years to come—ſo your worſhips and reverences may all meaſure them at your leiſures——but he who meaſures thee, *Janatone*, muſt do it now —thou carrieſt the principles of change within thy frame; and conſidering the chances of a tranſitory life, I would not anſwer for thee a moment; ere twice twelve months are paſs'd and gone, thou mayeſt grow out like a pumkin, and loſe thy ſhapes——or, thou mayeſt go off like a flower, and loſe thy beauty —nay, thou mayeſt go off like a huſſy —and loſe thyſelf.—I would not anſwer for my aunt *Dinah*, was ſhe alive—— 'faith, ſcarce for her picture——were it but painted by *Reynolds*—

—But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that ſon of *Apollo*, I'll be ſhot——

So you muſt e'en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine in paſſing thro' *Montreuil*, you will ſee at your chaiſe-door, as you change horſes:

but unleſs you have as bad a reaſon for haſte as I have—you had better ſtop:——She has a little of the *devote:* but that, ſir, is a terce to a nine in your favour———

—L— help me! I could not count a ſingle point: ſo had been piqued, and repiqued, and capotted to the devil.

CHAP. XCIII.

ALL which being conſidered, and that Death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined——I wiſh I was at *Abbeville*, quoth I, were it only to ſee how they card and ſpin——ſo off we ſet.

* *de Montreuil a Nampont - poſte et demi de Nampont* a Bernay - - - poſte
de Bernay a Nouvion - - - poſte
de Nouvion a ABBEVILLE poſte

——but the carders and ſpinners were all gone to bed.

* Vid. Book of French poſt-roads, page 36. edition of 1762.

CHAP. XCIV.

WHAT a vaſt advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAP. XCV.

WAS I in a condition to ſtipulate with Death, as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his clyſter——I ſhould certainly declare againſt ſubmitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never ſeriouſly think upon the mode and manner of this great cataſtrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the cataſtrophe itſelf, but I conſtantly draw the curtain acroſs it with this wiſh, that the Diſpoſer of all things may ſo order it, that it happen not to me in my own houſe——but rather in ſome decent inn——at home, I know it,——the concern of my friends, and the laſt ſervices

of wiping my brows, and ſmoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection ſhall pay me, will ſo crucify my ſoul, that I ſhall die of a diſtemper which my phyſician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchaſed with a few guineas, and paid me with an undiſturbed, but punctual attention——but mark. This inn ſhould not be the inn at *Abbeville*——if there was not another inn in the univerſe, I would ſtrike that inn out of the capitulation: ſo

Let the horſes be in the chaiſe exactly by four in the morning——Yes, by four, Sir,——or by *Genevieve!* I'll raiſe a clatter in the houſe, ſhall wake the dead.

CHAP. XCVI.

"MAKE *them like unto a wheel,*" is a bitter ſarcaſm, as all the learned know, againſt the *grand tour*, and that reſtleſs ſpirit for making it, which *David* prophetically foreſaw would haunt the children of men in the latter

days; and therefore, as thinketh the great biſhop *Hall*, 'tis one of the ſevereſt imprecations which *David* ever utter'd againſt the enemies of the Lord—and, as if he had ſaid, "I wiſh them no "worſe luck than always to be rolling "about"—So much motion, continues he (for he was very corpulent)—is ſo much unquietneſs; and ſo much of reſt, by the ſame analogy, is ſo much of heaven.

Now, I (being very thin) think differently; and that ſo much of motion, is ſo much of life, and ſo much of joy ——and that to ſtand ſtill, or get on but ſlowly, is death and the devil——

Hollo! Ho!——the whole world's aſleep!——bring out the horſes——greaſe the wheels——tie on the mail——and drive a nail into that moulding——I'll not loſe a moment——

Now the wheel we are talking of, and *whereinto* (but not *whereonto*, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curſeth his enemies, according to the biſhop's habit of body, ſhould certainly

be a poſt-chaiſe wheel, whether they were ſet up in *Paleſtine* at that time or not——and my wheel, for the contrary reaſons, muſt as certainly be a cart-wheel groaning round its revolution once in an age; and of which ſort, were I to turn commentator, I ſhould make no ſcruple to affirm, they had great ſtore in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear *Jenny*) for their "χωρισμὸν ἀπὸ τῦ Σώματος, εἰς' το "καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν"——[their] "*getting* "*out of the body, in order to think* "*well.*" No man thinks right, whilſt he is in it; blinded as he muſt be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aſide, as the biſhop and myſelf have been, with too lax or too tenſe a fibre——REASON is, half of it, SENSE; and the meaſure of heaven itſelf is but the meaſure of our preſent appetites and concoctions——

——But which of the two, in the preſent caſe, do you think to be moſtly in the wrong?

You, certainly: quoth ſhe, to diſturb a whole family ſo early.

CHAP. XCVII.

——But ſhe did not know I was under a vow not to ſhave my beard, till I got to *Paris*;——yet I hate to make myſteries of nothing;——'tis the cold cautiouſneſs of one of thoſe little ſouls from which *Leſſius (lib.* 13. *de moribus divinis, cap.* 24.) hath made his eſtimate, wherein he ſetteth forth, That one *Dutch* mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to ſpare, for eight hundred thouſand millions, which he ſuppoſes to be as great a number of ſouls (counting from the fall of *Adam*) as can poſſibly be damn'd to the end of the world.

From what he has made this ſecond eſtimate——unleſs from the parental goodneſs of God—I don't know—I am much more at a loſs what could be in *Franciſcus Ribbera*'s head, who pretends that no leſs a ſpace than one of two hun-

dred *Italian* miles multiplied into itſelf, will be ſufficient to hold the like number——he certainly muſt have gone upon ſome of the old *Roman* ſouls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and moſt tabid decline, in a courſe of eighteen hundred years, they muſt unavoidably have ſhrunk, ſo as to have come, when he wrote, almoſt to nothing.

In *Leſſius*'s time, who ſeems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined——

——We find them leſs *now*——

And next winter we ſhall find them leſs again; ſo that if we go on from little to leſs, and from leſs to nothing, I heſitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a century, at this rate, we ſhall have no ſouls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewiſe of the exiſtence of the Chriſtian faith, 'twill be one advantage, that both of 'em will be exactly worn out together.

Bleſſed *Jupiter!* and bleſſed every other heathen god and goddeſs! for

now ye will all come into play again, and with *Priapus* at your tails——what jovial times!——but where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I ruſhing? I——I who muſt be cut ſhort in the midſt of my days, and taſte no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination——peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAP. XCVIII.

——"So hating, I ſay, to make "myſteries of *nothing*"——I intruſted it with the poſt-boy, as ſoon as ever I got off the ſtones; he gave a crack with his whip, to balance the compliment; and with the thill-horſe trotting, and a ſort of an up and a down of the other, we danced it along to *Ailly au clochers*, famed in days of yore for the fineſt chimes in the world; but we danced through it without muſic—the chimes being greatly out of order—(as in truth they were through all *France.*)

And ſo making all poſſible ſpeed, from

Ailly au clochers, I got to *Hixcourt*, from *Hixcourt*, I got to *Pequignay*, and from *Pequignay*, I got to AMIENS, concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before——and that was—that *Jenatone* went there to ſchool.

CHAP. XCIX.

IN the whole catalogue of thoſe whiſfling vexations which come puffing acroſs a man's canvaſs, there is not one of a more teaſing and tormenting nature, than this particular one which I am going to deſcribe——and for which (unleſs you travel with an avance-courier, which numbers do in order to prevent it)—— there is no help: and it is this.

That be you in never ſo kindly a propenſity to ſleep——tho' you are paſſing perhaps through the fineſt country—upon the beſt roads,—and in the eaſieſt carriage for doing it in the world—— nay,

was you ſure you could ſleep fifty miles ſtraight forwards, without once opening your eyes—nay, what is more, was you as demonſtratively ſatisfied as you can be of any truth in *Euclid*, that you ſhould upon all accounts be full as well aſleep as awake——nay, perhaps better—— Yet the inceſſant returns of paying for the horſes at every ſtage,——with the neceſſity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence three livres fifteen ſous (ſous by ſous), puts an end to ſo much of the project, that you cannot execute above ſix miles of it (or ſuppoſing it is a poſt and a half, that is but nine)——were it to ſave your ſoul from deſtruction.

—I'll be even with 'em, quoth I, for I'll put the preciſe ſum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way: "Now I ſhall have no-"thing to do," ſaid I (compoſing my-ſelf to reſt), "but to drop this gently "into the poſt-boy's hat, and not ſay "a word."——Then there wants two ſous more to drink——or there is a

twelve ſous piece of *Louis* XIV. which will not paſs—or a livre and ſome odd liards to be brought over from the laſt ſtage, which Monſieur had forgot; which altercations (as a man cannot diſpute very well aſleep) rouſe him: ſtill is ſweet ſleep retrievable; and ſtill might the fleſh weigh down the ſpirit, and recover itſelf of theſe blows—but then, by heaven! you have paid but for a ſingle poſt —whereas 'tis a poſt and a half; and this obliges you to pull out your book of poſt-roads, the print of which is ſo very ſmall, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: Then Monſieur *le Curè* offers you a pinch of ſnuff—— or a poor ſoldier ſhews you his leg—— or a ſhaveling his box——or the prieſt-eſſe of the ciſtern will water your wheels ——they do not want it——but ſhe ſwears by her *prieſthood* (throwing it back) that they do:——then you have all theſe points to argue, or conſider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get ſo thoroughly awak-

ened——you may get 'em to ſleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of theſe misfortunes, or I had paſs'd clean by the ſtables of *Chantilly*——

——But the poſtilion firſt affirming, and then perſiſting in it to my face, that there was no mark upon the two ſous piece, I open'd my eyes to be convinced —and ſeeing the mark upon it as plain as my noſe—I leap'd out of the chaiſe in a paſſion, and ſo ſaw every thing at *Chantilly* in ſpite.——I tried it but for three poſts and a half, but believe 'tis the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; for as few objects look very inviting in that mood—you have little or nothing to ſtop you; by which means it was that I paſs'd through St. *Dennis*, without turning my head ſo much as on one ſide towards the Abby——

——Richneſs of their treaſury! ſtuff and nonſenſe!——bating their jewels, which are all falſe, I would not give

three ſous for any one thing in it, but *Jaidas*'s *lantern*——nor for that either, only as it grows dark, it might be of uſe.

CHAP. C.

CRACK, crack——crack, crack——crack, crack——ſo this is *Paris!* quoth I (continuing in the ſame mood) ——and this is *Paris!*——humph!——*Paris!* cried I, repeating the name the third time——

The firſt, the fineſt, the moſt brilliant——

The ſtreets however are naſty.

But it looks, I ſuppoſe, better than it ſmells——crack, crack——crack, crack——what a fuſs thou makeſt!——as if it concern'd the good people to be inform'd, that a man with pale face, and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into *Paris* at nine o'clock at night, by a poſtilion in a tawny yellow jerkin, turned up with red calamanco—crack,

crack——crack, crack——crack, crack, ——I wiſh thy whip——

——But 'tis the ſpirit of thy nation; ſo crack—crack on.

Ha!——and no one gives the wall!——but in the SCHOOL of URBANITY herſelf, if the walls are beſh-t—how can you do otherwiſe?

And prithee when do they light the lamps? What?—never in the ſummer months!——Ho! 'tis the time of ſallads.——O rare! ſallad and ſoup—ſoup and ſallad—ſallad and ſoup, *encore*——

——'Tis *too much* for ſinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it; how can that unconſcionable coachman talk ſo much bawdy to that lean horſe? don't you ſee, friend, the ſtreets are ſo villainouſly narrow, that there is not room in all *Paris* to turn a wheelbarrow? In the grandeſt city of the whole world, it would not have been amiſs, if they had been left a thought wider; nay, were it only ſo much in every ſingle ſtreet, as that a man might know (was it only

for ſatisfaction) on which ſide of it he was walking.

One—two—three—four—five—ſix—ſeven—eight—nine—ten.—Ten cooks ſhops! and twice the number of barbers! and all within three minutes driving! one would think that all the cooks in the world, on ſome great merry-meeting with the barbers, by joint conſent had ſaid—Come, let us all go live at *Paris*: the *French* love good eating——they are all *gourmands*———we ſhall rank high; if their god is their belly——their cooks muſt be gentlemen: and foraſmuch as *the periwig maketh the man*, and the periwig-maker maketh the periwig—*ergo*, would the barbers ſay, we ſhall rank higher ſtill—we ſhall be above you all—we ſhall be **Capitouls* at leaſt—*pardi!* we ſhall all wear ſwords——

—And ſo, one would ſwear (that is by candle-light,—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do, to this day.

* Chief Magiſtrate in Toulouſe, &c. &c. &c.

CHAP. CI.

THE *French* are certainly miſunderſtood:——but whether the fault is theirs, in not ſufficiently explaining themſelves; or ſpeaking with that exact limitation and preciſion which one would expect on a point of ſuch importance, and which, moreover, is ſo likely to be conteſted by us——or whether the fault may not be altogether on our ſide, in not underſtanding their language always ſo critically as to know "what they would be at"——I ſhall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm, "*That* "*they who have ſeen* Paris, *have ſeen every* "*thing*," they muſt mean to ſpeak of thoſe who have ſeen it by day-light.

As for candle-light—I give it up——I have ſaid before, there was no depending upon it—and I repeat it again; but not becauſe the lights and ſhades are too ſharp—or the tints confounded—or that there is neither beauty or keeping, &c. . . . for that's not truth—but it is an un-

certain light in this reſpect, That in all the five hundred grand Hôtels, which they number up to you in *Paris*—and the five hundred good things, at a modeſt computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a Hôtel), which by candle-light are beſt to be *ſeen, felt, heard, and underſtood* (which, by the bye, is a quotation from *Lilly*)——the devil a one of us out of fifty, can get our heads fairly thruſt in amongſt them.

This is no part of the *French* computation: 'tis ſimply this,

That by the laſt ſurvey, taken in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixteen, ſince which time there have been conſiderable augmentations, *Paris* doth contain nine hundred ſtreets; (viz.)

In the quarter called the *City*—there are fifty-three ſtreets.

In St. *James* of the Shambles, fifty-five ſtreets.

In St. *Oportune*, thirty-four ſtreets.

In the quarter of the *Louvre*, twenty-five ſtreets.

In the *Palace Royal*, or St. *Honorius*, forty-nine ſtreets.

In *Mont. Martyr*, forty-one ſtreets.

In St. *Euſtace*, twenty-nine ſtreets.

In the *Halles*, twenty-ſeven ſtreets.

In St. *Dennis*, fifty-five ſtreets.

In St. *Martin*, fifty-four ſtreets.

In St. *Paul*, or the *Mortellerie*, twenty-ſeven ſtreets.

The *Greve*, thirty-eight ſtreets.

In St. *Avoy*, or the *Verrerie*, nineteen ſtreets.

In the *Marais*, or the *Temple*, fifty-two ſtreets.

In St. *Antony*'s, ſixty-eight ſtreets.

In the *Place Maubert*, eighty-one ſtreets.

In St. *Bennet*, ſixty ſtreets.

In St. *Andrews de Arcs*, fifty-one ſtreets.

In the quarter of the *Luxembourg*, ſixty-two ſtreets.

And in that of St. Germain, fifty-five ſtreets, into any of which you may walk; and that when you have ſeen them with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light—their gates, their bridges, their

ſquares, their ſtatues - - - and have cruſaded it moreover through all their pariſh-churches, by no means omitting St. *Roche* and *Sulpice* - - - and to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may ſee, either with or without the ſtatues and pictures, juſt as you chuſe—

——Then you will have ſeen——

——but, 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read it yourſelf upon the portico of the *Louvre*, in theſe words,

* EARTH NO SUCH FOLKS!—NO FOLKS E'ER SUCH A TOWN
AS PARIS IS!—SING, DERRY, DERRY, DOWN.

The *French* have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be ſaid upon it.

* Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
——————————— ulla parem.

CHAP. CII.

IN mentioning the word *gay* (as in the cloſe of the laſt chapter) it puts one (*i. e.* an author) in mind of the word *ſpleen*——eſpecially if he has any thing to ſay upon it: not that by any analyſis—or that from any table of intereſt or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkneſs, or any two of the moſt unfriendly oppoſites in nature——only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good underſtanding amongſt words, as politicians do amongſt men—not knowing how near they may be under a neceſſity of placing them to each other——which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here—

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving *Chantilly*, I declared to be the beſt principle in the

world to travel ſpeedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion. I ſtill continue in the ſame ſentiments—only I had not then experience enough of its working to add this, that though you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneaſily to yourſelf at the ſame time; for which reaſon I here quit it entirely, and for ever, and 'tis heartily at one's ſervice—it has ſpoiled me the digeſtion of a good ſupper, and brought on a bilious diarrhœa, which has brought me back again to my firſt principle on which I ſet out——and with which I ſhall now ſcamper it away to the banks of the *Garonne*—

——No;——I cannot ſtop a moment to give you the character of the people—their genius——their manners—their cuſtoms—their laws——their religion—their government—their manufactures—their commerce—their finances, with all the reſources and hidden ſprings which ſuſtain them: qualified as I may be, by ſpending three days and two nights amongſt them, and during all that time

making theſe things the entire ſubject of my enquiries and reflections——

Still—ſtill I muſt away——the roads are paved—the poſts are ſhort—the days are long—'tis no more than noon—I ſhall be at *Fontainbleau* before the king——

—Was he going there? not that I know——

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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